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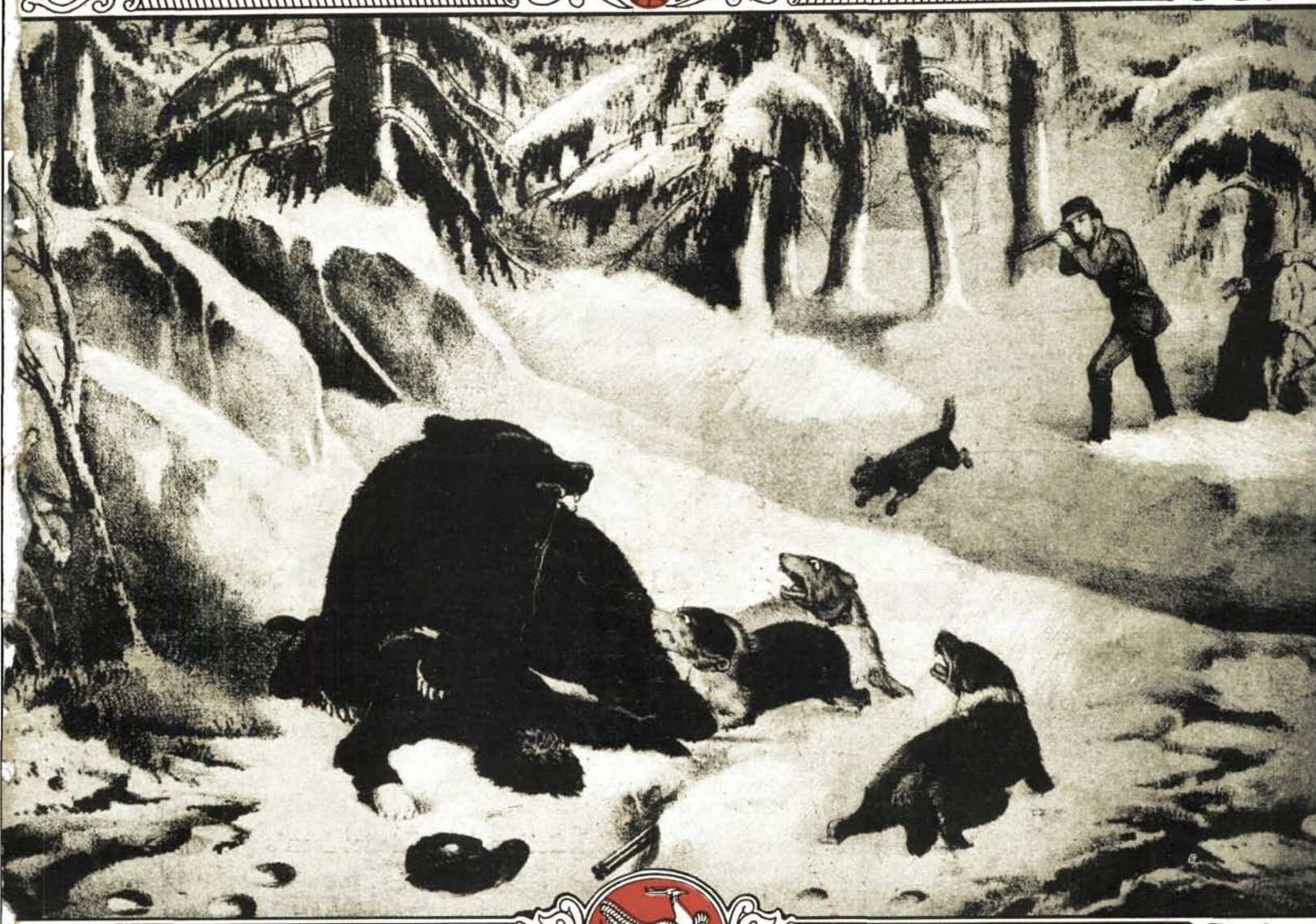

"Bear Hunting, Close Quarters" — *From a Currier & Ives Print*

Christmas Number

VOLUME XV NUMBER 6 DECEMBER 5, 1936

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Passage to India

From Christmas to Christmas with Lewis and Clark

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

Monday 24th Decr. Some Snow this morning. we finished Setting pickets & arected a blacksmiths Shop. the afternoon pleasant. the Savages came as usal we fired our Swivels as tomorrow is cristmas day &. C.

THUS Sergeant John Ordway, sixteen hundred miles up the Missouri River, in 1804, with the expedition that President Jefferson had sent to traverse the lands purchased from France and discover a route to the Pacific. The pickets and the blacksmith shop meant the completion of a triangular, bullet-proof fort a mile or two below the Mandan villages, where Captains Lewis and Clark had halted their company for the winter some seven weeks before. The snow which fell that morning marked the end of a cold wave during which temperatures of thirty and forty below zero were common and the sentinel had to be changed every half hour. The river had long since frozen over and buffalo were crossing it in great herds. Captain Clark and eighteen men went hunting them, and had to spend a night on the snow with only the fresh hides for covering. Northern lights blazed almost to the zenith, many of the men had their hands and feet frostbitten, sunlight on snow produced a blindness which could only be treated by holding the face in the steam created by pouring water on heated stones. That was a Mandan remedy, but the Indians had already learned to call upon the expedition's medicine chest, which had cost the government $55, or rather less than the kit you would take on a vacation in Egypt. "A Womon brought a Child with an abcess on the lower part of the back, and offered as much Corn as she Could Carry for some Medison," Clark writes, and such entries had become common.

Those medicines, among which the favorite was Dr. Rush's famous pills, were one of the most valuable assets the expedition had, but a more valuable one had been added on November 4th, when Toussaint Charbonneau was hired as interpreter on the condition that one of his Indian wives should come with him. This was Sacajawea, "the Bird Woman," a Shoshone girl whom a Hidatsa war party had captured four years ago and brought east. Her husband was a bungler, a coward, and a bully, but Sacajawea at once became indispensable to the expedition. She had to be dauntless to share the labor and privation of the journey, but she was more than dauntless—she had an integrity and sweetness of personality unique among the women of her race whom history knows. Her services to the United States can hardly be overvalued; she saved the expedition at its crucial moment, and if, as the "Dictionary of American Biography" says, more memorials have been erected to her than to any other American woman, it is clear that she earned them.

LEWIS AND CLARK
From the portraits by Peale.

The day before Ordway's note, Little Crow's wife had brought to the fort a present of corn and a "kittle of boiled Cimmins [summer squash], beens, Corn & Choke Cheries, which was palitable." On Christmas Eve, Sergeant Gass says, "Flour, dried apples, pepper and other articles were distributed in the different messes to enable them to celebrate Christmas in a proper and social manner." Christmas morning was cloudy.

> we fired the Swivels at day break, [Ordway says] & each man fired one round. our officers Gave the party a drink of Taffee [Taffia, West Indian rum]. we had the best to eat that could be had, & continued firing dancing & frolicking dureing the whole day. the Savages did not Trouble us as we had requested them not to come as it was a Great medician day with us. we enjoyed a merry christmas dureing the day & evening untill nine oClock—all in peace and quietness.

Private Whitehouse notes plaintively that this festival was "all without the compy. of the female Seck, except three Squaws the Intreptirs wives and they took no part with us only to look on." The enlisted personnel had not lacked comfort, however, for the Mandans and most other tribes hospitably offered their wives and sisters, and when this honor was suspended the "squars" were both generous and cheaply purchasable. The black skin and kinky hair of York, Captain Clark's bodyservant, were marvellously attractive to women and had already given him an enviable eminence.

It was the *voyageur* Cruzatte, a mighty waterman, who played this irrecoverable Christmas music on a fiddle, while the fires blazed and the north wind howled round the fort. Boating songs, probably, and minuets and carols that had crossed the Atlantic to New France and traveled the rivers for two centuries, to be sung never more incongruously than at the Mandan villages. He played them through the long winter and the men danced to them, and delighted Indians looked on—the chiefs swaggering in the laced and epauletted coats that had been formally presented to them, with dress-swords, feathers, and medals of the President, of domestic animals, or of farmers sowing grain, distributed according to their degree. And Cruzatte's fiddle, like the serene loyalty of Sacajawea, had its part in making this the most successfully managed expedition in the history of exploration, as it was one of the most important.

That the company could spend Christ-

Next Week

PERSONAL JOURNALISTS
By SILAS BENT

THREE PARODIES
By TIMOTHY FULLER

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mas "in peace and quietness" at the Mandan villages meant that Meriwether Lewis and William Clark had already proved their greatness as diplomats, no less than as commanders and explorers. The Osages frankly disbelieved that the Great White Father now dwelt in Washington rather than London or Paris, and this skepticism was shared by more important tribes—among whom the British interests were nurtured by traders adept in the management of savage minds. As the keelboat and the pirogues moved up the river, rumors shaped in the interest of the crown ran ahead of them. To pacify the tribes while asserting American jurisdiction over them was one of Jefferson's prime objects, and a crisis of world polity turned on this handful of soldiers, a force so fragile that the slightest mismanagement must have wiped it out, would have given the Indian problem a wholly different shape, and might have changed the map of North America. Both the Aricaras and the Teton Sioux had listened to the double tongues, and Lewis magnificently served his nation by compelling the latter into respect and good behavior by a show of force. That episode was the last clash with the Indians until, on the journey home, Lewis was forced to shoot a Blackfoot and so created an implacable hostility which lasted for many years and made that tribe the greatest obstacle to the development of the interior West.

The conflict with the Sioux was behind them when they built their fort. So was the single fatality the expedition suffered, the death of Sergeant Floyd from "bilious fever." So were all infractions of discipline and all discord. The twenty-nine enlisted men, three sergeants, and two interpreters, who with Lewis and Clark and York and Sacajawea were to compose the final party, were welded into a superb, an unexcelled instrument for the exploration of the wilderness.

So they passed the winter among the Mandans, traditional friends of the whites, whose two villages stood where the Missouri turned southward, athwart a principal trade route of the tribes and fur companies. John Floyd, the blacksmith, mended tools for the Indians, and from the iron of a burnt-out camp stove forged tomahawks that enraptured them. The captains practised medicine, York enlarged his conquests, and chiefs from many tribes came to smoke with the agents of the White Father, to receive gifts from them, and to appraise their power. Traders of the North West Company came also and were ordered to abandon their propaganda on American soil, or charged with suaver messages for their headquarters. And always, from the Mandans, from the traders, from the visiting chiefs, the captains sought information about the country they must traverse. For a few miles still they would be on waters sometimes traveled by whites, but beyond the mouth of the Rochejaune even rumor would cease. So while the ice groaned and shuddered by night, they sat with blanketed braves before the great fires in the fort, and patiently drew from them all they had seen or heard about the western waters.

One sees that firelight on intent faces as the Indians draw river courses on the puncheon floor, scrawling with bits of charcoal the known bends and rapids, and the bearings of distant peaks, shaping a handful of ashes to show how a range loops down from the north, grunting and disputing, sending to the village for a brave whom chance may have led up some unknown creek. The captains listened, trying to check their informants by one another, never sure how much was guessed or rumored or perhaps merely invented about the uncharted waste, so many of whose rivers and summits they were to christen in the months ahead. The Mandans had never crossed the main range or journeyed to the Spanish lands. They had heard of the great westward-running river whose mouth the captains had been ordered to find, and of the big, stinking salt pond it emptied into, but how far away it was or by what route it might be reached not even Sacajawea, who had been born beyond the divide, could tell them.

On February 11th, Sacajawea's first child was born, "a fine boy," writes Lewis, who eased her labor by grinding a rattlesnake's rattle and administering a little of it dissolved in water. He was named John Baptist; before long Clark was calling him "Pomp" and offering to educate him among the whites; strapped on his mother's back, the infant was to cross the continent and come back in safety. . . . Already they were trying to get the boats out of the ice, but did not succeed until the 26th. Then the ice shivered and splintered, northing swans arrived, the larger flights followed them. They packed cases with animal and Indian mementoes for Mr. Jefferson, wrote a last report to him, and sent all off together in the keelboat with the discharged men under Corporal Warfington. About five in the afternoon of April 7th, 1805, in "six small canoes and two large periogues," they started upstream toward the unknown.

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Smuts, South Africa, and the World*

A REVIEW BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

> But he is a great man because he is greater than his circumstances, his fortune happy or unhappy, his faults or even his virtues: because having the genius of greatness, being great in his essence, he sees life greatly.
> —Sarah Gertrude Millin.

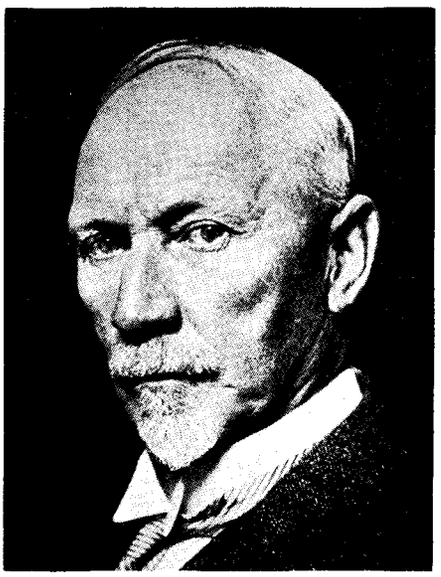
IT was at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 that I first came to know General Jan Christiaan Smuts, of South Africa and the world. I considered him then, and I consider him now, one of the great ones of the earth—a superb soldier, possessing true military genius, a wise statesman, a philosopher and seer, and many more things besides. It would be difficult for any biographer to do full justice to his many-sided character. Mrs. Millin has, however, done a thoroughly worth-while job. Her two volumes (Miss Snell's review of the first volume in *The Saturday Review* of May 23 last was excellent) are comprehensive and entertaining, even if her style is a bit too staccato at times. Aside from any interest that one might have in South Africa, the biography is well worth reading for the light which it throws upon world events of the last thirty-five years.

My initial criticism is, I admit, a rather petty one. Mrs. Millin says somewhere (perhaps it is in the first volume) that Smuts lacks a sense of humor. I disagree. He is sparkling with humor. Vide! At the General's farm at Irene last summer I was reading to Mrs. Smuts (a most amusing and brilliant helpmeet herself) some of the tributes, grave and gay, written to me about her husband by admirers of his in America who learned that I was about to visit him in South Africa. One of the letters (written in no spirit of irreverence) said: "In our household, Tom, we have always coupled together the names of Jesus Christ, General Smuts, and Newton Baker." "Ah," remarked the General, looking up, "and so they include Newton Baker, do they?"

His Early Achievements

Mrs. Millin's first volume told of Smuts's early education, his thorough training, first at Stellenbosch University near Capetown and then at Cambridge University, that moulded his mind into an instrument equipped to handle almost any problem; of his becoming, at the age of twenty-eight, Attorney General in President Oom Paul Kruger's cabinet; of the war between the Boers and Great Britain; of Smuts's brilliant record as soldier and general; of his amazing invasion of Cape Colony, a thousand miles to the south, and then with only a few hundred troopers keeping 30,000 trained British soldiers on the run. Mrs. Millin told of the coming of the peace with England, which for the devastated, camp-concentrated Boers was far less than peace. She described what I regard as perhaps the greatest single achievement of General Smuts's career, his mission to England in 1905 and his success in persuading the rather hardboiled British Cabinet, under the enlightened Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to grant Dominion status and so to create the Union of South Africa and establish another strong link in the British Empire.

Then came the outbreak of the World War, General Smuts with General Botha driving the Germans from Southwest Africa (a region, by the way, said now to be fairly stiff with diamonds); and



J. C. SMUTS, 1934

then Smuts's marvelous exploit, after all the British generals had miserably failed, in outmanœuvring and shoving the Germans out of Tanga and Tanganyika or what was then known as German East.

This brief summary, with of course many omissions, brings us down to Volume II of the Biography and to the War period of 1917. It was in the spring of that year, after Smuts had displayed his genius in military matters and had already won repute in Empire statesmanship, that he was summoned to London and given a seat in the inner War Cabinet.

Heavy Tasks Laid on Him

It soon fell out that if the Cabinet had a particularly hard or nasty job on its hands it was promptly assigned to General Smuts. And the better he did the jobs, the more of them he got—and Heaven knows there were enough! Thus, for example, he was invited to take the supreme military command in Palestine. Smuts declined this billet (very wisely, one would think), but spent several months in Palestine and laid out with Allenby the strategy of the campaign which later Allenby carried out with such brilliancy.

Smuts was chief in devising the system of defense from air raids on London; and later on he was an important factor in bringing about composition in Ireland, dealing with de Valera and the opposing factions with uncanny skill. "The Empire's Handyman" is what Mrs. Millin calls him. He was all that and far more, because the counsel which he was called upon to give to the British Cabinet was thoroughly objective and sound. He had no political fences of any kind to maintain in England. His advice was never tinged with the political arrières pensées that seemed to handicap various members of the British Cabinet.

I love the story of Smuts's amazing success in meeting the strike of the Welsh coal miners. I wish I could retell that episode as the General told it to us last July, all sitting around the campfire, the gorgeous Southern constellations slowly paling as the great yellow African moon majestically swept up over the horizon, and the lions began to roar outside the stockade.

"Land of Our Fathers"

With the Welsh miners on strike, the result might be the end of convoy transport, of food supplies, vastly increased danger from German submarines—yes, conceivably, it might mean the end of war. Smuts was asked by Prime Minister Lloyd George to go down to Wales over night and make direct personal plea to the miners to return to work.

Smuts went. He found thousands of idle miners and their families waiting for him. Lloyd George had chanced to tell Smuts that his countrymen were great singers. So the General began by asking the miners to sing. A voice in the rear ranks struck up "Land of our Fathers," the Welsh national anthem. Directly the whole assemblage of thousands took up the refrain which swelled into a mighty chorus.

The song ended. General Smuts stepped forward. "What is there for me to say?" he asked. "The front line trenches today are not in France—they are here in the coal mines of Wales. Here it is that the war is to be won or lost. Is this to continue the 'Land of your Fathers,' or is it perhaps to be something alien? It is you and you alone who can preserve this land of your fathers for your sons and grandsons for all time."

Smuts motored back to London. He

* *GENERAL SMUTS (Volume II). By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.50.*

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had no news until he reached the Cabinet chamber. There his colleagues crowded around and began to congratulate him. "What did you do?" they demanded, "the strike is ended. The men are back at work!"

Mrs. Millin tells the incident much more completely than I have done. At all events, whether in Wales or twenty years after in South Africa, it was a moving and dramatic story.

General Smuts and Pensions

The chapters having to do with the Peace Conference at Paris, where the work of many of us brought us in contact with Smuts, had especial interest for me. The question of German Reparations was the burning one from January 1, 1919, until June, when the Versailles Treaty was finally signed. The American delegation was constantly urging that the Allies name a fixed sum for Germany to pay, so that from the outset that defeated state could measure its liability; and that such a sum should be well within Germany's capacity to pay. Lacking such a definitive settlement, the American delegates maintained that there could be no real peace —economic war would offset all the moral results of peace. Yet even the American delegation, unblinded by the fantastic ideas of German capacity entertained by many French and British delegates, and unobsessed by any idea of vengeance, had no conception of the devastating extent of the economic warfare that for well nigh two decades would be waged in Europe, largely as a consequence of the unwise peace—chiefly, I consider, of the unsound reparations settlement.

Now Smuts had every sympathy with the idea of assessing Germany a definite sum for reparations and of making that sum a moderate one. But at the same time he was deeply impressed with the idea that, unless the bill against Germany should be made to include pensions, Great Britain would receive practically no share in reparations, by reasons of the fact that on the basis of physical damage alone, France was by far the heaviest sufferer and would thus receive the bulk of the compensation. To be sure, Smuts admitted, if pensions were included, they would greatly swell the total bill, but Britain's claims would have been taken account of and then, even under a liberal scaling down of the whole bill against Germany, Britain would come in for a fair share.

"Logic be Damned!" said the President

Now, as we all recall, the clause in the Peace Treaty which provided for reparations declared that Germany should be obligated to pay for damage inflicted upon the Allies by reason of Germany's "aggression by land, by sea and from the air." Under this clause the American delegates could not see how the Allies had any right to include a bill for pensions for soldiers or for their families living hundreds, or even thousands, of miles distant from the seat of the conflict. It remained for General Smuts to prepare the argument which convinced President Wilson of the justice of the British claim, and which confounded all Mr. Wilson's array of so-called experts and legal counsel. As to this episode I will permit myself to quote a paragraph from the chapter on "Reparations" which, at Colonel House's request, I prepared for his volume "What Really Happened in Paris," published in 1921.

> I well remember the day upon which President Wilson determined to support the inclusion of pensions in the reparation bill. Some of us were gathered in his library in the Place des Etats Unis, having been summoned by him to discuss this particular question of pensions. We explained to him that we couldn't find a single lawyer in the American delegation that would give an opinion in favor of including pensions. All the logic was against it. "Logic! Logic!" exclaimed the President, "I don't give a damn for logic. I am going to include pensions!"*

In other respects, save on this important question of including pensions in the reparations bill, the American delegates saw eye to eye with Smuts. Through all those weary months at Paris he made a great struggle for a juster, more sensible, more enduring peace treaty. No one more clearly than he saw the dangers in the document as it was moulded in the heat of passions that still smouldered among the late belligerents and that at times almost broke into open flame. No one fought more valiantly for moderation and good counsel than Smuts. In fact he came almost to an open break with Mr. Lloyd George who was endeavoring to "kiss things through" with the idea that modifications could later be made.

Smuts's Fight for Moderation

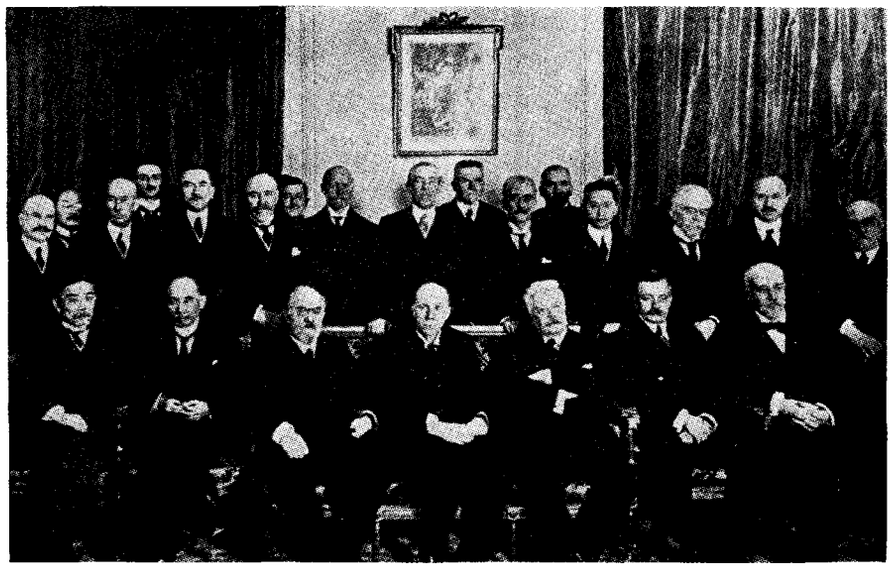
Mrs. Millin goes fully and vividly into this phase and the correspondence between the General and Prime Minister is striking. How eloquent, how moving was the General in his plea for moderation! Read these words:

> The spirit of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals, for which the people have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfilment of their aspirations towards a new international order and a fairer, better world are not written in this Treaty, and will not be written in treaties. "Not in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth," as the great Master said, must the foundations of the new order be laid. A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies, but also to us—a contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world: a spirit of pity, mercy and forgiveness for the sins and wrongs which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity, born in the hearts of the people in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow, can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom.

Alas! how far the world has strayed from those paths of peace which Smuts pointed out!

General Smuts, with General Botha, signed the Treaty of Versailles, delegates for the Union of South Africa. He had made his protest, he had fought his fight. To withhold his signature could accomplish nothing save to remove him completely thereafter as possibly an influential factor in what might (as President Wilson and so many others hoped) be a gradual renovation and toning down of the harsh and unworkable clauses of the Treaty.

Although he was active in various mat-



PEACE CONFERENCE, PARIS, 1919
General Smuts is standing at President Wilson's right.

* *WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS. Edited by Edward M. House and Charles Seymour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1921. p.272.

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ters, General Smuts's chief interest throughout the Peace Conference was in the formation of the League of Nations. He drafted many clauses of the Covenant, and he was the one who drew up the celebrated Article XVI, under which in 1935 Sanctions were invoked against Italy.

His Feeling About the League

In South Africa last summer General Smuts did not conceal his bitter disappointment over the complete failure of Sanctions and apparently of collective security within the League. He recognized, however,—no matter how reluctantly—that the League had been finally constituted in a manner radically different from what its authors had anticipated in 1919. America had never become a member, Japan and Germany had withdrawn, Russia was remote and ineffective, Italy openly antagonistic. Thus, out of the seven great powers that were originally expected to constitute the pillars of the League, there were left only two, Great Britain and France, that could be looked to in the Abyssinian crisis to carry out the coercive measures laid down by the Covenant. And we all know that from the very start Prime Minister Baldwin made it clear in his public speeches that his country had no intention of using force to carry out Sanctions against Italy. And we know, too, that for various reasons France was even more half hearted in the matter.

A Changed World to Live in

The post-war years, General Smuts remarked to me more than once, showed a far different world from the old one which the statesmen at Paris had perhaps rather naively expected would renew itself after the war. That is profoundly and unhappily true. As it turned out there have been no victors—all alike have become vanquished. Instead of composition, instead of appeasement, the post-war antagonisms have become steadily more bitter over the years. Nationalism has become rampant, militant. International trade (comparative freedom in which is always a great factor for peace) has been badly broken by embargoes, quotas, tariffs, and exchange controls—measures on every hand that have gravely impaired the already impaired economies of the nations; that have added to the suffering and misery of peoples who in desperation might again resort to armed war, internal or external, as a possible way out of existing conditions. Yet while the General saw plainly and sadly enough some of the reasons for the unhappy development of world affairs and for the breakdown of Sanctions, yet he was, and I believe still is, completely unreconciled to the failure of the League machinery in the greatest single crisis that had come before it.

To return to the narrative: the armed phase of the World War came to an end. General Botha, that wise and kindly leader to whom Smuts had given his devotion and loyalty through so many years of stress and strain, died in August, 1919, soon after their return from Paris and Versailles. It was a bitter loss for General Smuts. They had fought together, Boers against British, in the early years of the century. Side by side they had quelled the rebellion that broke out in South Africa in 1914 just after the World War started; they had driven the Germans from Southwest Africa; they had stood shoulder to shoulder in all the fortunes and misfortunes that had come to their people. Of the two, Smuts's mind was far better trained. It worked like a well-oiled machine. Smuts had learning, history, philosophy, talent for organization. Yet he lacked certain of Botha's popular qualities, and in those confused days of war and reconstruction popular qualities were sorely needed with a people as difficult and frequently as intriguing as the South African Boers.

J. C. SMUTS WITH THE DUKE OF KENT (LEFT)
Cape Town, 1934.

At Botha's graveside General Smuts said: "Great in his life, he was happy in his death. For his friend was reserved the hard fate to bury him and to remain with the task that even for him was too much." For Botha had, like Smuts, been for years vilified by his countrymen, and upon Botha's physical well-being these calumnies had inflicted incurable wounds. Upon Smuts they had been equally deep, but they had not drained away his life-blood.

Attacks from Every Side

Always in South Africa there had fallen upon Smuts the performance of tasks absolutely necessary for the preservation of his country, yet the stern accomplishment of which aroused the bitter and continued hostility of his countrymen. Thus it was upon Smuts's head, after the death of Botha, that all this ugliness was poured out. For his achievement, with Botha, in rigorously repressing the Rebellion of 1914, the purpose of which was to break the Union away from England, Smuts was called murderer. For his subsequent task in putting down the bloody strike on the Rand in 1920, and not hesitating to use armed police measures in order to do it, "murder" was again shrieked after him. And it was shouted by people who well knew that a disunited and separate South Africa, for secession from the British Empire—no less—was what they demanded, would have meant a weak and feeble republic, rent by internal dissension and a prey to outward aggression. On top of it all many of his countrymen could not seem to bear the plaudits showered upon him by the outside world. As Mrs. Millin says: "Smuts's superlative achievement overseas, his acclaim there, crowned in their eyes his misdemeanors."

The culmination of all this campaign came in 1924, with the fall of the Government of which Smuts had been Prime Minister since the death of Botha. In his defeat, as in his victories, Smuts was the philosopher. He was never among those political chieftains contemporary to him who felt that it was legitimate to use almost any means to remain in power, on the theory that without their leadership the country would go to smash. No, Smuts took serenely whatever befell. And now he had more leisure for that most beloved of all pastimes of his—his study of botany. He used to tell us of his many solitary holidays, only a Kaffir boy to accompany him, wandering on horseback and camping where night fell, through the bush and over the slopes of those glorious mountain ranges that serrate the whole region of the high veldt. In such solitudes, on such heights, amid the works of God, the pettinesses of men would fade away, just as would the little slopes and valleys of the land lying thousands of feet below.

Wise Counsel on Gold Question

When Great Britain went off the gold standard in 1931, burning controversy started almost at once in South Africa as to whether that country should follow suit. The question was of peculiar moment to the Union, because the backbone of its industry is, and for many years has been, gold mining. Smuts laid no claim to knowledge of economic matters, but he had an instinct that South Africa should do as Great Britain had done. His own administration of Government finance had been sound and admirable. His budget was a balanced one, while that of his successor showed a deficit. For fifteen months Smuts's voice, urging "Off Gold," was as that of one crying in the wilderness. But, as it came about, Smuts's wise counsel was finally heeded. At the very end of 1932, South Africa went off gold. Immediately began the gold mining boom which has favorably affected the coun-

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try's whole economy, yielded big taxes to the Government, and enabled it to make repayment of its external debt.

People's eyes began to turn again toward Smuts as a leader. He knew how to administer things. He had been their soldier, their general, their champion. General Herzog, no longer irreconcilable to the idea of being a part of the British Commonwealth, sorely needed Smuts in his cabinet. A new Union Government was constituted. Smuts became Minister of Justice with wide powers.

There he is today, and whatever his political future may be, it seems pretty certain that his country will demand his services as long as his present extraordinary vigor of mind and body persist. With his entry again into Government came the final approval of his life work for his country. For from start to finish the cardinal principle of General Smuts's policy for South Africa had been to hold the Union as an integral unit of the British Commonwealth of nations. All else might fail. That must endure.

Undismayed by Cloud and Storm

No one can read Mrs. Millin's two volumes without being impressed with Smuts's spiritual qualities, but I am not sure that she has begun to reveal the religious aspects of his many-sided nature. Certainly I shall not attempt to make good any deficiency in this respect. But it is, I think, true that no one can live and breathe the same atmosphere with General Smuts without being moved by his fervor and passion for the higher things of this life. And this holds true, whether that association be among the miasmas of a Paris Peace Conference or under the unclouded skies of the high veldt. Things may look black in the great political world, dictators may be having their day, democracy may seem at a heavy discount; fear and hatred may seem enthroned on the seats of the mighty. But Smuts will never be one to admit that "though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." The skies have, to be sure, darkened since last summer, but in those days he would say to us again and again, "Yes, despite all that seems to threaten, it is a good world we live in." He believes that the moral forces that are admittedly so hard to mobilize will ever prevail in the end. His fundamental faith is not a surface optimism. He has lived through too many tragic events, has fought too many fights, has taken part in the move of great events—all too intimately, to be able to cherish any illusions as to the ease with which large-scale wrong in this world can be righted. But he declares that "the ideals of well being, of truth, beauty, and goodness are firmly grounded in the nature of things and will not eventually be endangered or lost." Those are Smuts's words, and it is on this note that we shall take leave of this brief study of him.

The Rice Coast in Art

A CAROLINA RICE PLANTATION OF THE FIFTIES. 30 Paintings in Water-Color. By Alice R. Huger Smith. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. $15.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

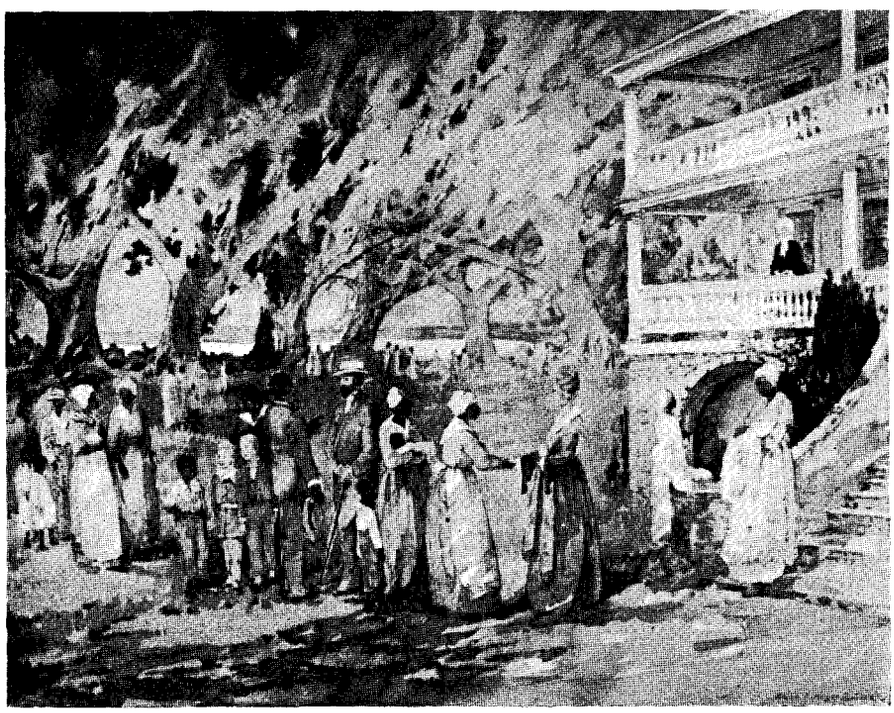
THESE thirty paintings of the Low Country of the Carolinas are excellently reproduced, although it is impossible to capture in a print the luminous quality of the remarkable originals. Miss Smith, basing her technique one supposes upon the Japanese, has painted her own memories of long and close observation rather than the scene direct; she has seen, not merely looked; and the result is a landscape where imagination has been free to compose and the brush free to state a beauty that is both real and symbolic.

So much for the esthetic value of these pictures. The book which they adorn, and the pictures themselves, have real historical and sociological value. An important series records the successive stages of rice culture in the golden age of the Carolinas. Others are devoted to the qualities of light, contour, color, and charm of the cypress swamps heron-winged, the lagoons and marshes, the gardens and verandaed houses on live oak avenues. The purpose of the book, whatever the stimulus of the paintings, has been to record a culture of men based upon a unique culture of the soil. In fulfilment of this purpose "A Carolina Plantation of the Fifties" includes the story of the Rice Coast by Herbert Ravenel Sass, a historical sketch, not novel in its facts, but interesting in its definition of the aristocratic democracy of a civilization ruled by the ablest, but with open ranks to all and sundry who could rise—the Negro excepted. Mr. Sass's study of slavery suffers from being on the defensive, and his argument for a restoration of the political ideals of the deep South, though not of its institutions, is weakened by the obviously temporary and local peculiarities which made his golden age possible. Yet he is restrained, and his sympathetic analysis gains force from the keenness of his sympathies.

Even more effective is the chapter of reminiscences of Miss Smith's father's boyhood on a plantation. Simple and delightful, this straightforward account is the best evidence Mr. Sass could ask for many of his contentions.

If a criticism is to be made of this book it is that some of the chapters on political, intellectual, and even social backgrounds are a little irrelevant to the paintings which draw their inspiration either from the rice culture itself (excellently explained in other chapters) or from a beauty of scene which has very little to do with the make-up of a society. Yet aside from its record of a sensitive painter's art, it is a contribution to the valid memorials of our rich American past.

Here was a culture which to a high degree developed an extraordinary sense of responsibility, and which encouraged the art of living, which has since so generally been lost. And it left its mark upon a countryside which these pictures commemorate.



SUNDAY MORNING AT THE GREAT HOUSE. *Water color by Alice R. Huger Smith, from "A Carolina Rice Plantation of the Fifties."*

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The Sequel of the Moscow Campaign

NO PEACE WITH NAPOLEON: Concluding the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, Duc of Vicenza. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THE Marquis Louis de Caulaincourt, later Duc de Vicence, was born in 1772. He was of that generation of young officers who were swept to power by the growing importance of the army and, soon after the coming of Napoleon, Caulaincourt, like many of his fellows, received his reward and was made a general in the Army of the Empire.

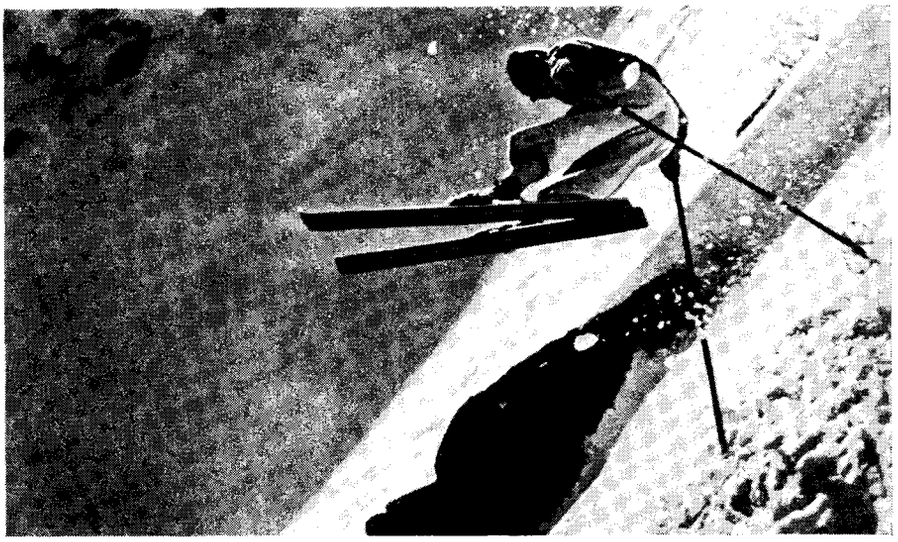
Unlike most of Napoleon's favorites, Caulaincourt, although devoted to his Emperor, kept an open mind. His admiration for his hero did not blind him to the weaknesses of the Emperor. He even admonished him. At the time of the crisis with Russia he risked a break with his master in an effort to avert hostilities with Alexander.

This book is the sequel to a volume entitled "With Napoleon in Russia," and carries the story from the close of that disastrous campaign to the abdication at Fontainebleau. In the opinion of the reviewer the present volume affords far more important material in regard to Napoleon. Caulaincourt was the Emperor's representative at the Congress of Chatillon. His account of these negotiations is important. It is significant, too, that he holds the belief that Metternich was sincere in his efforts to mitigate the disaster that was on the way.

Most striking of all is his account of the attempted suicide of the Emperor. There are references to this story in several memoirs of the time, but Caulaincourt's statements are the most detailed. The Duke himself was at the Emperor's side during the night when Napoleon was believed to be dying. In this part of his narrative Caulaincourt displays a real talent as a writer and manifests that most rare of qualities—restraint. He portrays a distraught Emperor who for days had carried poison hung in a little sack about his neck, who was so determined upon self-destruction that he feared his own prescription, which was said to be the same as that used by Condorcet, would not work, and who besought his physicians and the Duc de Vicence to give him a certain means of putting an end to his own life. Caulaincourt adds a typical touch when he asserts that Napoleon had thought on the use of fire-arms but had abandoned that plan as he wished to be sure that, in death, his appearance would be as dignified and noble as in life.

The book is handsomely done, the illustrations well chosen, and the translation is excellent.

John M. S. Allison is professor of European history at Yale University.



JUMP TURN THROUGH TWO POLES ON A STEEP SLOPE
Photographed at Tuckerman's Headwall by Winston H. Pote.

Snow Train

SKI TRACKS. Edited by Charles and Percy Olton. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by MARY LEE

IF you want to forget the subway and the traffic, overheated buildings and crowds, to be transported for half an hour to a world where the air tingles in your nostrils and the blood pumps warm into your cheeks, have a look at this collection of 190 photographs of skiing, skilfully assembled by Gordon Aymar,—pictures taken for the most part in the high places by the skiers themselves. The views cover all phases of American skiing, from the wind-blown, open slopes of Mount Rainier, Mount Hood, and the upper Yosemite to the forest clad slopes of Whiteface, Mansfield, and Mount Washington; from the borax covered hill at Saks-Fifth Avenue to the breath-taking heights of Tuckerman's Headwall.

Some of the photographs are by professionals, but the best are by such able amateurs as Winston H. Pote and Christine Reid, skiers of ability and daring, whose cameras go with them as part of a day's sport.

There are lessons in technique to be garnered from the captions by Charles and Percy Olton and an interpretation of that sudden passion with which the Depression Generation suddenly discovered America's Hinterland in Charles Proctor's foreword. "Skiing," he says, "has a strong appeal to instincts deep-rooted in every human being. . . . The instinct to get up and go, to go hard, to go fast, to go skilfully is here apparent in one of its most enticing forms."

"Ski Tracks" will make the breath of the old lover of the wilderness come faster. And it will make the young overhaul their gear, and sigh for the departure of the next Snow Train for the hills.

The Skiers

By SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

YOU laughed, and shook the melancholy stars
From the bright tangle of your hair . . .
Laughed . . . and the echo of your joy
Glittered upon the winter air.
We turned and saw the birds that flew
The same brief flight above the frozen track.
Their arms marked out against the sky
Patterns ephemeral and black.
Here there was beauty, and deep snow
And every star that fell, delicate, free,
Lost its perfection as it met the drifts,
Lost to the white its silver filigree.
Star followed star through the quiet air.
The birds above in their proud flight
Cried their quick triumph, and the snow
Answered with silent, luminous light.

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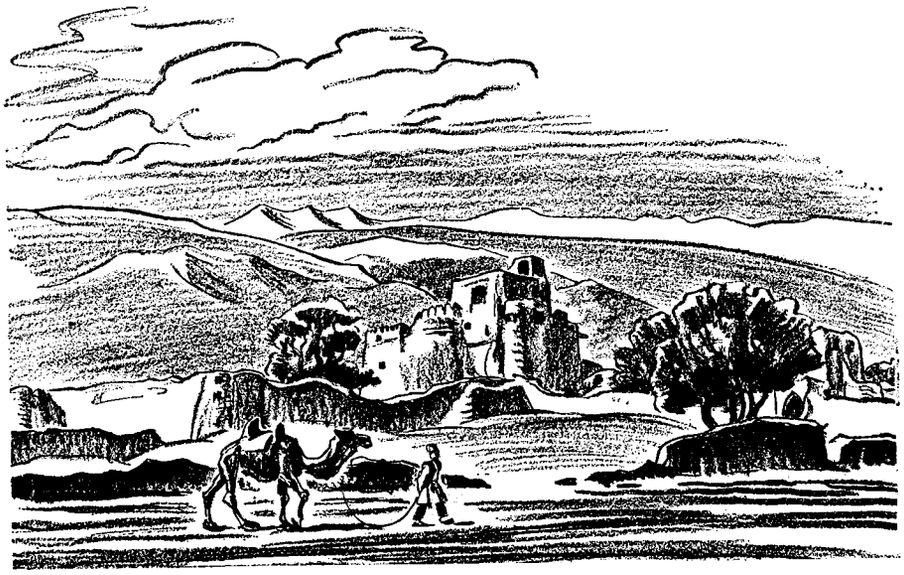

MESHED ROAD: DRAWING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
From "Half the World is Isfahan."

A Picture of Modern Persia

HALF THE WORLD IS ISFAHAN. By Caroline Singer and Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM THOMSON

THIS book is written in a style as swift as the flight of Yuseff's car in which the authors sped perilously from Baghdad to Tehran. Every paragraph is an episode in itself, a vignette of some incident or scene sketched in with sure and rapid phrases. Not a line is wasted. There is an economy of color, and yet a flickering panorama of Persian life in town and country flashes across the screen of the reader's imagination, creating a bewildering illusion of reality. The pace slackens towards the end, but never quite loses its exhilarating quality.

A Francophile officer discusses the superiority of French culture. Fierce-looking, handsome, Kurdish dandies claim descent from the "terrible Medes." An antique dealer and his young wife foxtrot between mounds of rugs and saddlebags. The Shah's troops march to an orientalized "Over There." Tehran society gossips and whispers the latest court scandals. The Society of Patriotic Women agitates in favor of a greater equality for women in marriage. A Zoroastrian theatre, housed now in an abandoned Bahai temple, presents "The Merchant of Venice" with an Armenian star to play Portia and with youths in the other female parts. Nomad Kashgais pitch their black tents to celebrate a wedding. Shi'ah pilgrims mourn the death of the martyred Husay in Meshed. A Sufi mystic discourses on the great poet, Hafiz, and then fills his pipe with tobacco. Silversmiths, coppersmiths, engravers, and potters carry on their traditional trades in the bazaars, and men sit in the coffee-houses nibbling watermelon seeds and contemplating the danse de ventre. Half the world is Isfahan indeed.

Perhaps the reader should be warned against a too ready acceptance of every historical background which the authors present in the course of the book. They tell the story of Muslim beginnings and of the parts played therein by the prophet's favorite wife, Ayesha, and his son-in-law, the fourth Caliph, Ali. The tale has quite a Persian, Shi'ah flavor, which comports delightfully with the ethos of the book, but is not strictly historical. In such a work, however, and with such a subject, to tell what the Persians believe of some far-off, divine event is probably better history than a bare record of the facts. For this is the stuff which lives and moves in Persian hearts, shaping and coloring the life of Persia, and it is true and fitting in this sense, however askew it be as a presentation of the march of time.

The book is beautifully printed, the pages are delightfully proportioned, and the illustrations, of which there are six full pages together with over one hundred marginal sketches, have the same swift, illusive, exhilarating quality as the prose style in which the book is written. They have a delicacy of line reminiscent of Persian miniatures, but their sure and vigorous characterization of types and individuals is anything but Persian. With prose and pen the authors have sketched a realistic picture of modern Persia with its storied races and places, and its customs and manners old and new.

William Thomson is a member of the faculty of Harvard University in the Division of Semitic languages and history.

Pearl Buck's Story of Her Missionary Father

FIGHTING ANGEL. Portrait of a Soul. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock (A John Day Book). 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LATOURETTE

THIS is an amazing book. That is not because of its style, for it possesses the literary charm which is unfailingly associated with the name of Pearl Buck. Nor is it because of its setting. As is to be expected, it deals with China and displays that intimacy of knowledge and that sure touch which we have long learned to associate with the author's work. It is amazing, rather, because of its objectivity and its understanding of its central figure. For this is a biography of Pearl Buck's missionary father. He has appeared before in her pages—in "The Exile," the biography of her mother which appeared last year. From "The Exile" is was quite obvious that to his children "Andrew," as he is invariably called, was somewhat of a stranger, and at times a repellent stranger. Reserved, away from home much of the time, absorbed in his work, he did not enter into their lives at all intimately. It was the mother—gay, impulsive, devoted to her family—who made their home and who won their enthusiastic affection. Yet in "Fighting Angel" his daughter has shown for her father a sympathy and insight which "The Exile" would not have led us to expect.

The story is that of a scion of a farming family, all but one of whose large array of sons became preachers. This particular son early determined to be a missionary, and to prepare himself he struggled with poverty through college and theological seminary. Then he went to China, where, except for infrequent leaves in America, he spent the remainder of his long life. Here, driven by the conviction of his faith, he traversed enormous areas, preaching, gathering little groups of Christians, and training a Chinese leadership for his churches. Ever an individualist, he did not always work easily with his fellow missionaries. Naturally timid, in the face of repeated danger and occasional physical violence, he displayed unswerving heroism. He belonged to that generation who, possessed of rock-ribbed faith, carried the Christian message as they understood it throughout the length and breadth of a reluctant China.

The two books, "The Exile" and "Fighting Angel," must be read together. In them Pearl Buck has enhanced her reputation for the portrayal of character and of those phases of Chinese life which she has known so well.

K. S. Latourette is professor of missions and Oriental history at Yale University. He is the author of "A History of Christian Missions in China."

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Henry Adams and "Clover"

THE LETTERS OF MRS. HENRY ADAMS. Edited by Ward Thoron. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by KATHERINE SIMONDS

"I HAVE not heard my wife's name spoken for over twenty years," said Henry Adams toward the end of his life; and he added: "That was a great mistake."

The mistake was of his own making, for his friends believed that he could not bear to have her mentioned, and so remained silent; everyone knew that she had killed herself, and since a mystery was made of it, the time soon came when no one knew anything else of her. The harm which was thus done the memory of a talented and charming person has now, fifty years after her death, sensibly and happily been remedied by the publication of this volume of her letters, edited by the husband of one of her nieces.

With the exception of one letter of 1865, the collection consists of letters written to her father, Dr. R. W. Hooper, in the ten years following her marriage in 1872. There are no letters from the last two years of her life. Many are extremely witty, nearly all make excellent reading.

For some readers, the interest in the book will lie in the social and political worlds which Marian Adams viewed with keen and humorous eyes. In London, she scoffed at the "entailed opinions" of the aristocracy; at the High Art fashions, "fat fugues in pea-green, lean symphonies in chewing-gum color, all in a rusty minor key." Similarly in Spain, she saw how fantastically unsound the social fabric had become. And, finally, her letters picture America's most famous salon, her house in Washington.

For other readers, the interest will lie in the character of the writer. She was intelligent, vivacious almost to the point of giddiness, and of sure and imaginative taste. As Henry James told her, she was "the incarnation of my native land—" American in the manner of James's own heroines: she did not know a great deal, but her shrewd, delicate perception could hardly go wrong. Unfortunately, while she lived, Henry Adams did not fully understand her: he wrote to an English friend, announcing their engagement: "She is very open to instruction. *We* shall improve her." His improvement was to communicate to her something of his own overpowering awareness of society and his own intellectual self-importance; and that mass was beyond the power of his wife's "small store of animal spirits" to leaven. The drama of the book is the change in her in the course of those ten years; and, whatever Henry Adams might think, the dazzling Mrs. Henry Adams was no improvement over the girl whom her friends called "Clover."

Before her marriage, she was not a worldly person, however secular, and she was capable of warmth and tenderness, however high-spirited and sharp-tongued. When she was dead, Eleanor Whiteside, a friend of her youth, wrote of her:

> I have not seen her much of late years, and often doubted whether we had not grown entirely apart. How often we have spoken of Clover as having . . . all this world could give, except perhaps children. And not having any was a greater grief to Mr. Adams than to her. And now at forty years old, down comes a black curtain and all is over. . . . She did many kind and generous actions and she was entirely true honest and unpretending. It seems to me a kind of lesson on what a little way intellect and cultivation and the best things of this life go when you come to the heart of life and death.

"Entirely true honest and unpretending. . . ." That girl had little in common

MARIAN HOOPER, 1869

with the famous hostess and formidable snob that Mrs. Henry Adams seemed to outsiders, and sometimes even to her father.

The *New York Tribune*, which knew Mrs. Henry Adams, and not Clover, said:

> She had a reputation for saying bitter things and of unsparingly using her powers of sarcasm. . . . She was feared rather than loved.

What caused the change? It was not entirely Henry Adams's efforts to "improve her." She came from an old and rich Marblehead family, long famous for its taste and grace. By inheritance, therefore, and also by upbringing and temperament, she was a person of refinement and of inexperience in the crudities of the world. She was sensitive, she was brilliant, she was intellectually honest at a time when established religion had broken down for the intellectually honest. She had neither religion nor children to give her stability; she was exposed to Henry Adams's melodramatic skepticism. During these years on their Washington pinnacle, the gulf widened between her and the less fortunate. She must have perceived this; she must have wondered if her triumphs might not be empty, and, wondering, grown bitter in their defence.

Henry Adams and she were devoted—there has never been any question about that. But Henry Adams was living the life that "amused" him, in sight of the White House where, as he pointed out, all his family had lived; he must have been an intellectually exhausting companion; and his devotion had an element of tyranny. He could not endure to be without her; when her sister-in-law died, she wanted to go North:

> I wish Henry would let me go on without him, but he is "sot" and I have not the heart to drag him off from his work in which he is much absorbed.

The letters record only one escape from him: she went to New York for four days, visiting studios, going to the circus, dining on beer and cheese and pretzels. When she returned,

> Henry came to the station in the victoria and we took a long drive in the summer heat. Henry says he's glad I enjoyed *my* week, but that it's his last alone.

Motherless since she was five, she had always been close to her father. These letters are the reports of her life which for years she wrote him regularly every Sunday morning—for that small space of time escaping Mrs. Henry Adams and returning to Clover. In April, 1885, Dr. Hooper died. And presently there came a Sunday morning in December of that same year, and Marian Adams was upstairs alone. There was no letter to write, no escape for her. Perhaps she thought of the handsome heavy new house by Richardson into which they were soon to move, a house in which her reign would have been even more brilliant; and without her father, she could not face it. It was precisely at the moment which for years she had set apart to write her father that she killed herself. And Henry Adams, having failed to enshrine her slight, graceful figure in Richardson's monument to Adams's place in the world of society and intellect, buried her under St. Gaudens's statue, a monument to Adams's unbelief. But without Clover, his life was desolate; in the end, it was her death that improved him, as "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" bears witness.

It is to be regretted that Clover's unpublished letters in the Massachusetts Historical Society have not been included in this book, for they show her to have been a person with all Mrs. Henry Adams's talents and one more besides—the talent for love and friendship. By minimizing what little remains of Clover, and by adding new éclat to the legend of Mrs. Adams, this collection helps to perpetuate Henry Adams's original misconception of his wife's nature.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Shall They Go To Rome?

NOT even trade is more subject to the pull and push of the nationalist-internationalist controversy than literature. Dorothy Thompson and other writers upon the state of this distressed world have justly noted that the democratic nations are being urged into a battle of ideas for which they have little taste. When fascism and communism, each eager for support from the only nations who still believe that civilization is better distributed by peace than by war, endeavor to make their issues seem our issues, the answer should be "a plague o' both your houses." This is right enough in principle, but in practice the procedure is not so simple.

Consider the case of literature, which, if it is the most national of the arts, becomes, when at its best, irresistibly international. Dictators have always both feared it and used it. It has thriven under both republics and despotisms. And, in what may be called the Age of Propaganda, it has been inevitably added to those other subjects of international controversy: — oil, munitions, colonies, and the inextinguishable desire of the egocentric individual to become another Darius, King of Kings.

It is not surprising therefore that the International P.E.N. Club, an organization of writers from all countries designed to promote the solidarity of literary ideals, should have its troubles. At their annual Congress in Jugo-Slavia in 1933, the German delegates (hand-picked by Berlin) walked out because the Congress refused to exclude such German exiles as Ernst Toller. In 1936 at Buenos Aires the tense cords which unite life and art began to quiver. Jules Romains, author of a work of international reputation, "Men of Good Will," attacked the Italian delegate Marinetti, who had published in his magazine an essay applauding war as hygienic. The conference was given a sedative in the form of a resolution calling for universal peace, and adjourned, having accepted an invitation to hold the next Congress in Rome—a capital where neither peace, nor a literature of criticism based on any ideology except the Duce's, has been popular in recent years.

The P.E.N. Club is not a completely representative organization. It is strong in some countries, weak in others. Russia has never joined. Nevertheless an association with such members as H. G. Wells, Karel Capek, Jules Romains, Sinclair Lewis, André Gide, Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, must be taken seriously. Shall this attempt at solidarity in a great art be wrecked upon the controversies of these new religious wars, as so many aspirations of the years before and after the great war have been wrecked and ruined? Can literature keep out of politics?

On the one hand the whole-hearted defenders of freedom everywhere maintain, without sufficient regard for literary history, that complete freedom of utterance is essential for the production of great literature. With them are joined the more fanatical supporters of new ideologies who, also supporting freedom, mean by that word liberty to attack one system of dogmatisms in order to erect another. But there have been great literatures under despotisms—under political despotisms, economic despotisms, even stupid despotisms. The one autocracy that can keep down born writers is an autocracy that forbids them to write.

On the other hand the new dictators of opinion, the rulers by propaganda, are trying to persuade the world that literature is a handmaid (some would say prostitute) to the state. They demand that the critic shall only "observe and describe." They dread all ideas but their own, and will give discussion only such freedom as concerns neither political, nor economic, nor (in some countries) religious man. If a Herrick, a Pindar, a Charles Lamb, a Dostoievsky, and probably a Shakespeare and a Goethe, rise up from their graves to testify that varieties of the literary art can flourish under any literate ideology, a portentous series of the world's authors—from Isaiah, Sophocles, Plato, Dante, Voltaire, Milton, down to Dickens, Emerson, Cooper, Whitman, would never be allowed to publish in Germany today.

It seems clear to those concerned with the present situation rather than with cloudy argument, that there is only one course open to those who wish to preserve some solidarity among the sensitive and articulate minds who in art, if not in ideas, are brothers throughout the world. Rome, the Rome of 1937, is as good a test as any.

If American, British, Japanese, Scandinavian, French, Austrian, Polish, Italian writers meet at Rome, what can they talk about? Obviously literature—which has many problems, of which its relations to the ideology of the national state is only one. What, for example, do we Americans know of the human nature of the Japanese man as Japanese literature is portraying him? How much do we understand of the emotional environment of the contemporary Spaniard which makes his Civil War inexplicable by reference only to politics and economics? How far do we comprehend the new elements of imagination which apart from, or in addition to, political changes, are making new fabrics for Russian literature?

So much for possible subjects in which fascist, communist, and liberal democrat could all find nourishment. But the vital question is not what can they talk about but what they will be allowed to talk about. And here a principle may be suggested that extends far beyond literature. A meeting of creative artists, like a meeting of research scientists, or indeed of the world's journalists if such would ever be permitted, is no place to attack fascism, communism, or democracy. It was the intrusion of politics which made the great Councils of the Renaissance Church futile as a means of preserving the unity of Western religion. Yet it may be said with equal force that no meeting of the international literary mind is possible without freedom of explanation and discussion. If the American democrat cannot discuss his literature in terms of democracy, where it is written in such terms, if the German exile cannot discuss his literature in terms of liberalism, then all attempts at international understanding in literary art are futile, even if the subjects should be limited to history and technique. And be it noted, that literature (and the other arts also) like science, must inevitably have a life independent of the ideologies that influence them and an infinitely longer life. They are part of the contemporary scheme of things, but when excellent, they are the part that lasts when ideas of statecraft and conceptions of economic policy have long been buried with the broken pottery and crumbling bricks of the dust heap.

The test in Rome, the test in any meeting of the liberal democracies, where freedom of speech is still encouraged, with the autocracies where it is not, is, are you willing to discuss the ideas of others when those ideas are embodied in an art which you are asked to understand, not to imitate? This question is far broader than literature. If it is to be answered in the negative, then we believe that all international agencies, organizations, and institutions for the promotion of intellectual solidarity among unlike political systems had better be scrapped, the sooner the better, and science, art, and social thinking in their international aspects be allowed to take care of themselves—as they certainly will in time, and to the destruction of many of the idols of the fanatics in this for the moment ungovernable world. Tolerance should begin at home, but there is a limit to its extension abroad. Tolerance for intolerance has never yet been a success.

H. S. C.

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Letters to the Editor: *Recruits for the Minority*

Europeans' Idea of Americans

SIR:—Your minority report on Eugene O'Neill's Nobel Prize is applauded by a considerable cheering section, some of whose members are considerably disturbed by the implications of that award. Before the war I believe some German universities had, unofficially, two kinds of Ph.D.'s—a tough one for Germans, and for Europeans in general who were supposed to be able to handle the German language; and an easy one for Americans, who were permitted to start some distance ahead of scratch as a reward for just trying. Some such attitude seems discernible in the gentlemen who hand out the Nobel Prize for literature.

Sinclair Lewis certainly deserved it—but what Lewis? The author of "Babbitt"? Yes indeed. The author of "Arrowsmith"? Most of us would still say yes, though Dr. Hans Zinsser might take an exception for the record. But from what was said at Stockholm on that great occasion it would seem that the Swedes gave it to the author of "Elmer Gantry"; which raises the suspicion that they regard American literature as something of a unique order, incommensurable with all other literature.

The suspicion is reinforced not only by the O'Neill award, but by the fact that the only other American author seriously mentioned for the Nobel Prize is Upton Sinclair. If there were a Nobel Prize for Good Intentions he might have a colorable claim; or even to a Nobel Prize for effective propaganda, though in that case he would have to wait till Charlie Michelson and Eddie Bernays had had their turn. But to consider Sinclair for the literature prize implies a definition of literature, when written by Americans, as something qualitatively different from what has been called literature in Europe for the past three thousand years.

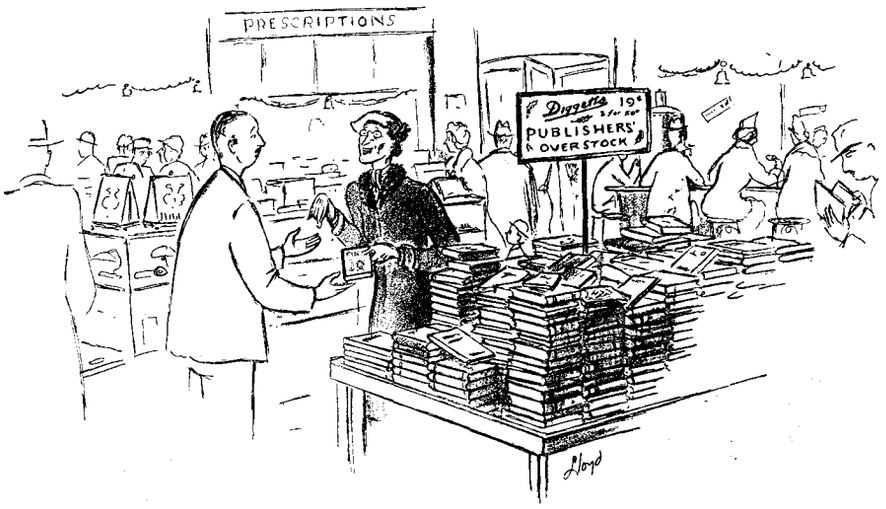
In this, the European highbrows affirm the verdict of the European masses. For years, Sinclair was one of the two American authors who sold in Europe, the other being Jack London; lately I believe Sherwood Anderson has been added to the list—and in England, at least, a public which is cold to the average American novel is willing to buy plenty of Westerns. The Westerns, of course, are the tip-off. The European who buys an American book does not want the kind of book that could be written by somebody in his home town; he wants something that sounds, to European ears, like the war-whoop of the aborigine echoing through the forest glades or across the lush savannahs.

Apparently that is what the Nobel Prize committee wants too; they gave their awards to Lewis and O'Neill not as literary artists, in the sense in which literary artists have been defined in Europe from Homer's day to Proust's, but as specimens of the Noble Savage. And this at last explains Lewis's speech at Stockholm in 1930. With the instinct of the artist, he discerned what the Europeans wanted and he let them have it; with shaven head and painted face he bounded out of the underbrush and triumphantly lifted the scalp of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, confident that the Swedes would not know that Longfellow had been dead a long time.

That did no harm to anybody, Longfellow included; and that time the committee made the right choice, even if for the wrong reason. But God knows what they may do the next time it is America's turn. If the committee still wants an idealistic and imaginative author who is peculiarly American, not to be duplicated in Europe, I propose the name of John D. M. Hamilton.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.



"AS I ALWAYS SAY, IT'S NOT THE GIFT, IT'S THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS."

Right Out in Public

SIR:—I was cheered up immensely by the arrival of the *Satrev* for November 21. The spectacle of somebody having the guts to Come Right Out in Public and say that Eugene O'Neill was just a fake philosopher indicates that there is some critical honesty left in the world. The November 21 was a swell issue anyway, regardless of your piece, but plus your piece, it should become a book collector's item.

The best line in "Mourning Becomes Electra" is the one which some neurotic speaks to the gardener: "Well, Seth, you bin with the Manons a long time."

HOWARD M. JONES.

Cambridge, Mass.

Interpretation of Life

SIR:—As one who—humbly enough—enjoys and teaches the Plays of Euripides, both in Greek and in English, I must write you at once of my gratitude for your masterpiece of criticism of Eugene O'Neill's work, in the current *Saturday Review*.

I believe the matter is summed up in the paragraph near the close of the paper: "it is not great drama giving us understanding more abundantly." Surely that was Mr. O'Neill's intention and is his failure. He always falls short. You go to his plays, hoping against hope that this time he will make the grade. But he simply hasn't it in him—to satisfy the hunger and thirst for interpretation of life that it is the gift of Great Drama to satisfy.

Please accept the thanks of one reader of the *Review* for a critical paper that measures up to the great traditions of *that* literary form.

JESSIE ANDERSON CHASE.

Boston, Mass.

Sound Judgment

SIR:—I do think you speak the pure word of sound judgment in what you say about Eugene O'Neill. I found myself rather astounded that such (to me) obvious good sense could be written about the theater, the drama, and a playwright now enormously in fashion. Of course "The Emperor Jones" is O'Neill's best! But who else would have said so, right out. DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

Arlington, Vt.

Ballyhoo

SIR:—Modern American letters and world literature at large owes Mr. DeVoto a debt of gratitude for his negative stand on the Nobel Prize award to Eugene O'Neill. This criticism is in keeping with the true spirit of American Literature. It denotes rare courage in these days of back-slapping log-rollers to come forward flatfootedly against an award without justification to one who has passed so long as a literary idol with the hero worshipping, brainless mob. No other modern American author has been ballyhooed so assiduously without cause. The article is evidence that the new regime of *The Saturday Review* looks towards a bright and enlightened future.

LLOYD EMERSON SIBERELL.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The editors would print letters on the other side of this question if they had received any. Meanwhile, Mr. Nathan writes in defense of O'Neill on page 38.

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Writers Must Work

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

Arnold Genthe (above), author of "As I Remember," photographed in action at his New York studio. . . . Art Young, veteran cartoonist (in circle), speaks at his publishers' party in honor of his recent book, "The Best of Art Young."

Martha Gellhorn will follow up "The Trouble I've Seen" with a novel written against a Franco-German background. After five months "largely spent in German libraries," she is back at work in New York.

André Maurois (above), at the Ritz-Carlton in New York, reads his press clippings; his next book will be "The Miracle of England." . . . Georges Schreiber (right, below) makes a sketch of James T. Farrell, author of "A World I Never Made."

Walter Duranty, foreign correspondent, author of "Duranty Reports Russia" and "I Write as I Please," is in New York, working on his first novel, which will have a Russian setting; the title is "One Life—One Kopek."

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THE EDITORS RECOMMEND FOR CHRISTMAS

JEFFERSON IN POWER
By CLAUDE G. BOWERS. *Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75. Covers his years in the Presidency, suggesting some modern parallels.
Reviewed September 5.

THE BIBLE: DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE
Edited by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES. *Simon & Schuster.* $3.75. An excellent selection from and rearrangement of the King James version.
Reviewed October 17.

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND
By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dutton.* $4. An imaginative reconstruction of the literary golden age of New England.
Reviewed August 22.

THE EXILE and FIGHTING ANGEL
By PEARL BUCK. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.50 each. Companion pieces—biographies of Mrs. Buck's missionary parents. *"The Exile," reviewed Feb. 8, "Fighting Angel," in this issue.*

A FURTHER RANGE
By ROBERT FROST. *Holt.* $2.50. Because he can still write rings around most of the poets.
Reviewed May 30.

THE BIG MONEY
By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. The soldier's return to boom and depression.
Reviewed August 8

STORIES OF THREE DECADES
By THOMAS MANN. *Knopf.* $3.50. All its author's short stories.
Reviewed June 6.

GONE WITH THE WIND
By MARGARET MITCHELL. *Macmillan.* $3. This book needs no commentary.
Reviewed July 4.

THE LAST PURITAN
By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Scribners.* $2.75. The first interesting philosophical novel written in our time.
Reviewed February 1.

AFTER ALL
By CLARENCE DAY. *Knopf.* $2.50. Essays from "The Crow's Nest" with new material.
Reviewed August 29.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON
Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE and CHARLES H. BENNETT. *Viking.* $5. The complete text, recently discovered, of a great classic.
Reviewed November 7.

THE OXFORD SHAKESPEARE
Oxford University Press. One volume—one dollar.

MORE POEMS
By A. E. HOUSMAN. *Knopf.* $2. Contains some of the best poems of the best exponent of "pure poetry" in the last literary age.
Reviewed October 31.

A WORLD I NEVER MADE
By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Vanguard.* $2.50. Seven months in the lives of Chicago slum-dwellers.
Reviewed October 24.

ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL
By THOMAS BELL. *Little, Brown.* $2.50. Realistic but not grimy; sentimental but not sloppy.
Reviewed November 7.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON
Sheed & Ward. $3. Self-portrayal of a nimble and brilliant man of letters.
Reviewed November 7.

AUDUBON
By CONSTANCE ROURKE. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3. The best of the recent biographies of the great naturalist.
Reviewed October 31.

INSIDE EUROPE
By JOHN GUNTHER. *Harpers.* $3.50. A brilliantly informed survey of present-day European conditions. Recently revised.
Reviewed February 15.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE
By H. L. MENCKEN. *Knopf.* $5. A completely revised edition of this inquiry into the development of English in the United States.
Reviewed May 16.

MAINLAND
By GILBERT SELDES. *Scribners.* $3. The American system and its critics.
Reviewed October 3.

THE LIVES OF TALLEYRAND
By CRANE BRINTON. *Norton.* $3. The biography and vindication of a realist.
Reviewed November 7.

MEN OF CONCORD
Edited by F. H. ALLEN. *Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50. A classic revitalized by Wyeth's illustrations.
Reviewed in this issue.

SOUTH RIDING
By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Macmillan.* $2.50. A cross-section of English life with local politics running character a neck and neck race for first place in interest.
Reviewed March 28.

"The Man at the Top"

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Vol. V, 1917-1918. *Boston: Little, Brown & Company.* 1936. $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

UNLIKE many memoirs, those of Lloyd George increase in absorbing interest as they progress. The fifth volume rivets the attention from beginning to end—from the Smuts-Mensdorff peace efforts in January, 1917, to the opening in March, 1918, of "the most stupendous battle ever fought on this earth." As usual, he continues his happy practice of saying publicly what he thinks privately. Hence, there is again plenty of caustic criticism of individuals who opposed his hunches and his dynamic energy in stimulating every possible instrument for defeating the Germans. In criticizing President Wilson and American industrial leaders for their slowness in producing war-planes, tanks, and heavy cannon, he is perhaps thinking of himself by way of contrast, when he says:

> It is only the man at the top who can give direction, impulse, and inspiration to those who labor at the multifarious tasks of Government. It is only the man who wields authority who can accept responsibility for decisions which may involve an overriding of national pride and susceptibilities. It is he alone who can supply the necessary push which . . . produces quick results.

Lloyd George is not merely recounting personal memories. He is writing history. He has read an astonishingly large number of military and other works, even including the various ponderous Official Histories of the War which he occasionally undertakes to criticize. He has the knack, however, of recalling vividly his anxieties and perplexities and his energetic measures to meet them, and at the same time, with the advantage of hindsight, of showing in retrospect who was right (usually himself) and who was wrong (usually the obstinate and self-sufficient General Headquarters officers).

When it was clear that the Bolshevist Revolution would enable the Germans to transfer masses of troops from the East for a supreme effort to break through in the West, Lloyd George persuaded the Allied Governments to agree to set up a General Reserve under Foch to be used as emergency might demand. Haig and Pétain assented in principle. General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial Staff in London at first agreed, but soon opposed it when he found that the General Reserve would not be under his control. His journalist friend, Col. Repington, tried to thwart the arrangement by revealing the essence of the secret plan in the *Morning Post.* This treachery caused weeks of costly delay and frazzled ministerial nerves, with public discussion in Parliament, and ended in the fall of Robertson. Meanwhile Haig and Pétain changed their attitude and sabotaged the plan so that it was finally abandoned on the eve of Ludendorff's great attack. Had the General Reserve been set up, the Germans could hardly have succeeded in routing General Gough's Fifth Army as they did. Lloyd George even thinks it might have made unnecessary the frightful toll of the summer and autumn campaigns of 1918.

The chapter of most interest to Americans is that in which Lloyd George criticizes the "fussy muddle" of American war preparations and the vainglorious obstinacy of General Pershing, "quivering with suspicion that the French and British meant to rob him of his army and that once the American infantry got brigaded with European formations he would be unable to recover them." He gives in detail the long controversy in which the Allies tried to persuade the American Government to send over more infantry in the limited shipping tonnage available, instead of having tonnage space taken up with staff and other equipment which would enable General Pershing to build up complete American divisions. If American infantry were sent, a far larger number of men could have been gotten to France rapidly and they could get into the fighting much more quickly if they

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were brigaded with English and French divisions, than if a separate American Army was to be formed.

The blunt truth was that in Pershing's view the building up of an American Army took precedence of the utilization of these men to beat off the German offensive, while for us the defeat of the offensive and the consequent shortening of this destructive war was all important.

In view of the critical position in which the Allies believed themselves to be in March and April, 1918, Lloyd George was probably right. In justification of General Pershing, however, it should be noted, as Lloyd George explains in detail, that General Pershing did gradually, if grudgingly, make a whole series of concessions to the Allied wishes. In the course of this controversy Lloyd George came to have a high opinion of Secretary Baker, "able, broad-minded, and understanding," and of General Bliss. The American soldiers were also "superb," but "the organization at home and behind the lines was not worthy of the reputation which American business men have deservedly won for smartness, promptitude, and efficiency."

Sidney B. Fay is the author of "Origins of the World War."

Hell's Kitchen

WHEN NIGHT DESCENDS. By Edgar Calmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"THE DISCOVERERS" of Farrar & Rinehart have made a genuine discovery in this quick-paced story of a West Side New York family on Relief. The mother is a helpless invalid, the father a drunkard, the children just about as appealing youngsters as one could run across. All the action takes place on one particular night, and the narrative literally bristles with snapshots of moments in other lives surrounding those of the main characters: in the tenement, in the park, in the hotel, in the streets. An excellent impression is conveyed of the swarming, multifarious life lived in New York City.

Mr. Calmer is a close observer and a realist but he understands also both the romanticism of a young girl and the revolt and idealism of a sordidly frustrated boy. He is adroit with his vignettes. He can take as commonplace an incident as a sick woman listening in poverty to a small radio-set and make it almost unbearably poignant. If he shows the sentimentalism in his characters it is merely as it actually exists in downtrodden human beings—just as the real love and the bravery and the weakness and the lust are there.

Those who know their New York by night otherwise than through night-clubs will appreciate this story of brave struggling people. Mr. Calmer writes vividly and with concision. He is worth watching.

Pictures for Thoreau

MEN OF CONCORD. By Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by Francis H. Allen, with Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT would be easy to dispose of this really beautiful book by saying that it is an ideal Christmas present for anyone who likes either Thoreau or wild nature, or character studies of the kind of American who was made by and in turn made New England. It deserves, however, a more serious review than this, for although there is nothing new in it but the pictures, it is in two respects a definite contribution to the growing library of books by and about Thoreau.

"Men of Concord" is the product of a careful and successful selection from the fourteen volumes of the Journals of Thoreau, the purpose being to bring "together most of the passages . . . that deal with the men and women he saw and talked with as he went in and out among them in the practice of his two professions of surveyor and saunterer." Here is Uncle Charles juggling with his hat in barrooms, Aunt Mary Emerson who could entertain a large thought with hospitality, Melvin and Goodwin, those hunters that God loved better than Unitarian preachers. Here is old George Minott who could hear a wild goose miles away and thought cats loved life as well as we did, Brooks Clark in his bare feet with apples and a dead robin in his shoes, and the reformer who licked Thoreau with his benignity as a cow licks her calf. Here are Emerson with too much manners and Channing with too few. Here are dozens of good anecdotes and some of the most penetrating character studies to be found in the literature of the century.

Much of this is familiar, but not the grouping and selecting nor the illustration, which is the first I have seen that seems adequate to Concord. Mr. Wyeth is one of the ablest representatives of the school of Howard Pyle. He has embellished this book with a series of small wood cuts which vary in merit; but his chief contributions are the pictures excellently reproduced in color of Concord people and the Concord scene. Of these it may be said that the landscapes—and especially the end paper of a fox on a snowy hillside, and the pictures of the pickerel fishers on the ice and of Cyrus Hubbard driving his ox sledge above the deep-snowed valley lit by a low sun—are all admirable. They are not only extremely beautiful; they have the very contour and color of the Concord fields, woods, and waters, which, as Thoreau rightly felt, were as rich in quality as the Apennines or Devon. Wyeth's people are not quite so successful, being in a familiar illustrator's tradition, yet as story pictures they add life to the text. He has made Thoreau too handsome — a pardonable error; his three reformers are not slimy enough; and though no mason, I feel sure that Brooks Clark's stone wall, built apparently without foundations, will not last through two winters. Yet I would not be captious. These seem to me to be the first interesting illustrations of Thoreau. Photographs, no matter how beautiful, do not catch the poetry inherent in his text.

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH
From "Men of Concord."

One service more this book renders. Thoreau had three styles: the transcendental, when he was in high spiritual mood — this is inclined toward rhetoric and often magnificently eloquent; the ecstatic, when with rapid pen he set his sensations in quick and nervous order; and the humorously reflective, which was his mood of contact with the farmers and fishermen he describes so often in this book. Readers of Thoreau have usually been readers of "Walden" where his transcendental style is at its best, or of extracts from his Journals which include all three styles. Mr. Allen, by drawing forth from the Journals the Thoreau who was a hunter and fisher of homely men, may do much to destroy the legend that this great eccentric was a somewhat inhuman seer and prophet, inclined to moral oratory and never coming to earth except in the seclusion of his woods. "Men of Concord" gives us the humorous Thoreau, the Yankee Thoreau, the kindly, perceptive Thoreau, the friend of Irish boys, and old farmers, and muskrat hunters. Not the Thoreau who doubted whether the human race was wiser than the woodchuck; but the Thoreau who said, "It is a great encouragement that an honest man makes this world his abode."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

An Interview

THE moods of the trip (remarked the old Mandarin) ranged the whole gamut, from Talleyrand to Sally Rand.

Let's be more specific, the reporter suggested, but he smiled gently (there were wrinkles of fatigue under his obsidian Oriental eyes) and settled into his chair.

In the handsome new T. & P. depot at Fort Worth, he mused, a frightened canary (somehow strayed from his home cage) was perched high on a girder over the main concourse. A stalwart porter was pitching a tightly-rolled ball of paper up at him; with the kindest purpose, no doubt; to scare him loose so he could be chased, identified, or captured. But the bird was too scared to fly: even his yellow feathers looked pale. Though the missile grazed him, he only trembled and clung tight.

The Katy for Waco came in just then, he added, so I did not learn the result. Perhaps it was an illusion, a sort of fable?

I have interviewed the old Mongol often enough to understand his tricks. I saw what he meant: just so I have seen him cling tenaciously to his secret certitudes when suddenly assailed by reporters who requisition a hasty opinion. They get it, and run for their "deadline." —What is it that perishes at the deadline? he asked when they had gone. —The Closing Prices, I said, or the Sports Extra.—No, he murmured, something even more mortal than that.

Funny things happen, he said. Now the reporters have left with their misleading facts may we soliloquize a few accurate fancies? For instance the smell of open fires in Texas. The perfume is quite different. I don't know what kind of timber they burn, and no one would tell me, but the smoke is pungently sweet, a rare spicy sniff somehow suggesting eucalyptus. Could it be cottonwood?

Or that gang Billy Rose had down there for the Lone Star centennial, I ventured; but he waved away my flippancy.

Another novelty, he said, jam made of youngberries, a fruit I'd never heard of. A sort of miscegenation of the blackberry and the logan, with an undertaste of cherry. Delicious!

Towns with slogans, he said. Why did we never think of that in China? It's an inheritance from medieval heraldry, when every municipal escutcheon had its appropriate motto. You remember the punning epigraph of Morlaix in Brittany, *S'ils te mordent, mords les;* or Paris's justified boast, *Fluctuat nec mergitur;* or the ironical greeting over the fortified portcullis of Semur—*The people of Semur have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of Strangers.* The modern slogan is more pacific, but the idea is the same. *Where the West Begins,* says Fort Worth. And Waco: *A City With a Soul.*

Wasn't that where Brann the Iconoclast, I began, but he gestured me to silence. I saw he was brooding at large. He had been through 15 States in 15 days, and it was understandable if he was still a bit loco.

Not Brann but Browning, he said. Baylor University, a place of enormous kindliness, has one of the most remarkable Browning collections anywhere. Don't you think this was a pleasant coincidence: as I reached the station in Waco another train pulled in, the Texas Special, with a Pullman car called *Waring.* Could that have been the Waring of Browning's poem, the one who "gave us all the slip"?

More likely to be George Waring, the great sanitation engineer who cleaned up Memphis and New Orleans, I thought, but let him ramble.

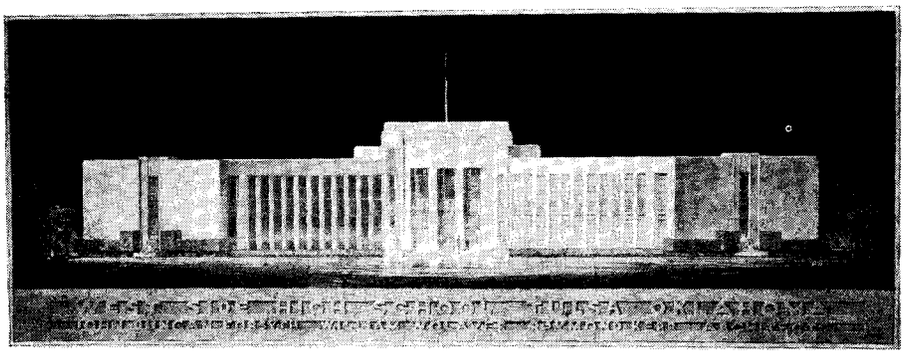
I like the emphatic note in Texas courtesy, he was meditating. They don't say *Thank you,* but *I sure do thank you.* —Although they take them for granted, and are astonished if you admire, the big grain elevators are often more beautiful than their most deliberately contrived buildings. From the window of my hotel I could distantly see the big Kimbell and Lone Star elevators and shocked my friends by thinking them a modernistic cathedral. Superb simplicities of concrete: great square towers and sides rippled in wide cylinder curves.

Now I'm on *The Ranger* of the Santa Fe, he continued, and all excited about crossing the Red River into Oklahoma. I'm a bit weary, and I fall asleep, but wake up eagerly as we arrive at the town of ARDMORE. A name of affection to me: I once lived alongside Ardmore in Pennsylvania. We roll on and again I fall into a drowse. Complete nescience, I know not how long: perhaps ten minutes, perhaps forty. I wake again, look out, and am riven with astonishment. A town called WYNNEWOOD. Have I slept all the way back to Philadelphia's Main Line? Because the two adjoining stations on the P.R.R. are also Ardmore and Wynnewood. To no one else in the world but me would that have happened; and that's the kind of happening I relish.—I inquired about it afterward, and they told me that line of railroad was laid out by engineers—homesick, perhaps—from Philadelphia.

(The Old Mandarin has developed to a high degree his capacity for being a foreigner. He would now be a foreigner even in China; and by being everywhere alien he retains some of his naivété of impression. Passionate student of America, his ambition would be to be flown round the country blindfolded and put down at random. Would he then be able to tell, by soil and smell and vegetation, by air and landscape, what State he was in?)

As a matter of fact, he was mumbling (lying back on his chaise longue with a tall elixir to stimulate recollection) Mr. Ekins's flight around the world must have been simple by comparison. He sat in airplanes and made scheduled connections. But your aged Mongolian had often to depend on the kindness of generous samaritans of gasoline who would pick him up and convey him, half stupefied, across great gaps of territory. From one friendly group of children, curious for samples of Chinese script, he escaped reluctantly by a postern door and caught the massy Greyhound which groans through midnight at the apex of a long fan of light. I saw the sunrise on the oil-wells of Oklahoma; I saw it again over the water-levels of Lake Michigan. How many a perennial lunch-counter was bemused to receive an obese Oriental, in

(*Continued on page* 28)



Miller Studio, Tulsa

NEW HIGH SCHOOL FOR TULSA, OKLAHOMA
(*Kindness of John Duncan Forsythe*)

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Rich Man Poor Man

by Janet Ayer Fairbank

"THE men of my earlier books were strong men facing a stable world. A world in which, for them at least, hard work, ambition, and the practice of these simple virtues were rewarded. But what of the red-headed grandson of the third generation of 'The Smiths,' who would be graduating from college in 1912? How would this young man face his world, a world of shifting loyalties, in which every faith, heritage, and hope would be challenged? I had to know and so I have done a novel about him in 'Rich Man Poor Man,'" . . . the story of Hendricks Smith, a normal young man, living, fighting, working, and loving in the years between 1912 and 1928."—*Janet Ayer Fairbank*

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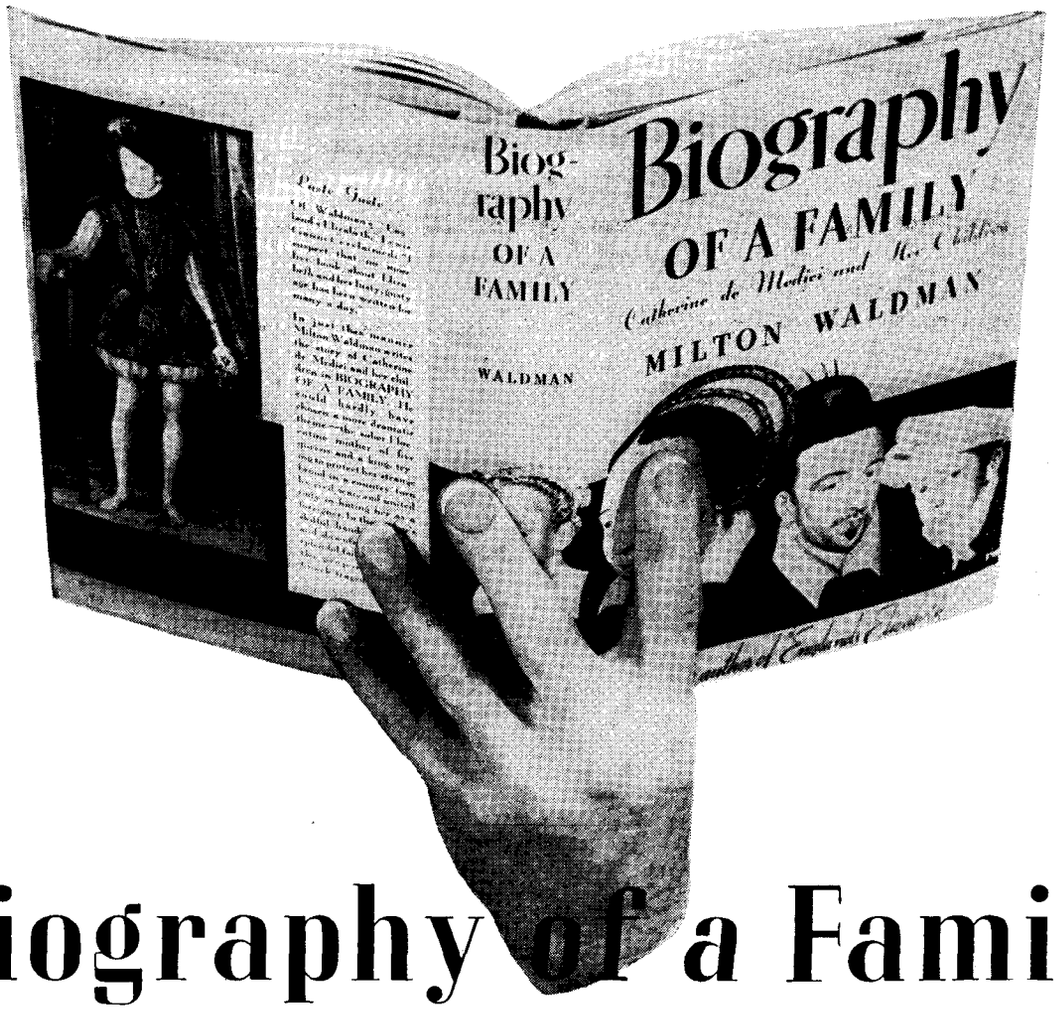

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Passage to India

(*Continued from page* 4)

Stripped to the waist, they were in ice water most of the time, pulling the boats off the Missouri's fiendish sand bars. They had seen the country change many times and now it changed again, for they were in the high plains, the semi-arid region of the real West. They encountered the alkali for the first time; it made the water bitter and purgative, as thousands were to learn who followed after them. It also gave the whole party sore eyes, which the captains correctly treated with "a solution of two grains of white vitriol," and may have in part accounted for the boils that now became common. There was a new danger also in the "white bears," the grizzlies for whose ferocity the Indians had tried to prepare them. The first one they saw set out after Lewis after it had been shot and chased him till killed by another hunter; a few days later, another one furiously pursued Private Bratton for over half a mile, though it had a bullet "through the center of the lungs"; three days later, two hunters had to dive into the river to escape one that had been shot seven times.

Peril, of course, was nothing new. A mere dot of sentient, vigilant skill, they had moved through an immensity of multiple and unintermitted danger. But now, in the untrodden country, the journey becomes something simple and immortal —a tableau of courage and endurance in clear light, one of the world's heroic stories that seem like myths. They toiled westward on the sun's path, toward the fourth house of the sky, fulfilling a dream which Meriwether Lewis had had in his boyhood, fulfilling an older, more complex dream of Thomas Jefferson's, and by strength and skill and valor they rolled the unknown back before them. The country ahead of them was an untraveled chaos, the boundary of man's knowledge moved with them, they passed and the map was made forever. The day's march lay between walls of the capricious and treacherous wilderness and walls of a capricious and malevolent race of savages; the day's march ended and the walls had been moved farther back.

Past the Little Missouri, past the Rochejaune which they were the first to call the Yellowstone, past the Big Muddy and the Milk River and the Musselshell. On the 26th of May, Lewis climbed the highest neighboring hill and looking westward saw lines lift and waver above the horizon and sun flash on distant snow, —"the object of all our hopes and the reward of all our ambition," the Rocky Mountains. On June 2nd they reached a large river coming down from the north and faced a decision on which success or utter failure hinged. For nothing in their data sufficed to tell them which fork was the true Missouri and would lead them to the continental divide. The north fork, which Lewis was to call Maria's, looked far likelier than the other, and even after both had been reconnoitered the whole party except the captains thought that it was the Missouri. The process by which they determined on the other one might serve as a model of scientific analysis and must be granted a high place in the history of thought. The decision made, Lewis hurried up the south fork to be sure, and was sure when he heard the thunder of the great falls, felt the spray borne by the wind for several miles to fall for the first time on a white man's cheeks, and finally stood deafened and dazzled above the gorge.

They got the boats round the falls by a gigantic labor, and went on. A cloudburst nearly destroyed them and, not for the last time, Sacajawea owed her life and her child's to William Clark. Navigation would soon be impossible, game began to fail, the summer was shortening and ice formed in the buckets overnight. Whether they would do Thomas Jefferson's will or fail and probably perish on the continental crest depended on their finding the Shoshones at their accustomed hunting ground—on their being friendly —on their having horses to sell. Clark, the more skilful frontiersman, ranged ahead but did not meet them; then Lewis went and it was he who finally found them, unfriendly, suspicious, disposed to flight or murder. The Shoshones feared that this prodigy, the first white man they had ever seen, might be working some corrupt device of their enemies and might betray them into ambush. Failure of the great adventure now hung by a single thread above the commander's head, but, telling them about the party of white men to the eastward, of the woman of their nation who was with it, of the marvelous black-skinned man, Lewis managed to allay part of their distrust and they turned back with him. They might have killed him, as in fact he thought they would; they might have gone on to overwhelm the party that was toiling on with Clark—and came later than Lewis had promised. But they did not. The arrival of Clark proved Lewis's tongue straight, and at once history soared into that purer ether where fiction dare not venture. For Lewis, wanting clearer speech with the chief Cameahwait, who had accompanied him, sent for Sacajawea to interpret. A moment later she threw her blanket round the chief and was weeping violently. Just below the continental divide, after five years of separation, she had met her own brother, from whose tent she had been ravished. "After some conversation between them she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us; but her new situation seemed to overpower her and she was frequently interrupted by her tears."

They now reached the limit of strain and exhaustion. There was no game to be found, all of their flour had been used up, and they had only a little corn. They had long since learned to like dog meat, which at first had nauseated them, but after they left the Shoshones there were no dogs to buy. Every day's travel among the peaks cost a fatigue of man and beast alike that amounted to collapse. They ranged widely for game but found none, ate the three colts they had, at last had to kill some of the horses for food. They killed a coyote, then another horse, and the remnants of this fed two of their hunters the next day, returning to the party without game—who "roasted the head of the horse, which even our appetites had spared, and supped on the ears, skin, and lips of the animal." At last, on westward-running waters, they found Indians who had dried salmon and berries and camas root to sell. But hearty meals after weeks of privation sickened them, and the camas, besides, was both purgative and emetic when prepared badly. Various of the men, then Clark, and finally Lewis fell ill. They dosed

(*Continued on page* 24)

Captains Lewis & Clark holding a Council with the Indians

(From an engraving in a Philadelphia newspaper, 1810)

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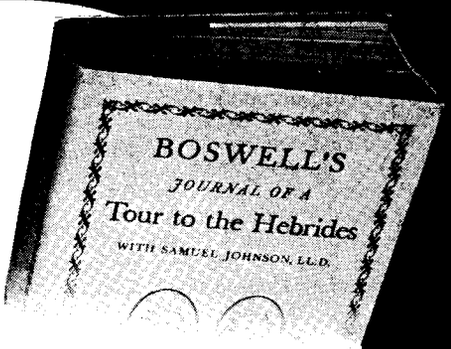

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Some Books You Will Be Glad to Know About...

INCLUDED among the Fifty Best Books of last year and a book which practically everyone who attended the Times National Book Fair picked up and examined, is Elizabeth Selden's *The Dancer's Quest* ($6.00). It is made up of essays on the æsthetic of the contemporary dance and in addition to 26 line drawings by the author, it contains 33 photographs reproduced in photogravure. What is probably the first copyright dispute recorded in Western history is delightfully told in *The Battle Book of the O'Donnells* ($1.25) by Douglas Chrétien. It is a lively account of St. Columba's misadventures which arose out of his habit of book borrowing. The little book is a valuable item for the literary historian and a welcome addition to the library of the bibliophile. Samuel C. Chew says that William Farnham's *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* ($5.00) is a "substantial contribution to our knowledge of the development of thought and particularly of emotion." This and the two preceding titles are but a few of the excellent publications of the University of California Press issued at Berkeley.

Informal, conversational comments on prints and book illustrations from the XV to XX century, each accompanied by a full-page reproduction and a detail in the actual size of the original, make up an attractive little book called *Notes on Prints* by William M. Ivins, Jr. ($2.00). *Chinese Textiles* by Alan Priest and Pauline Simmons ($1.50) is a survey of the history, sources, technique, symbolism and use of Chinese textiles illustrated from the Metropolitan Museum collection. It is an excellent short résumé of this subject. A brief history of glass-making from 1500 B.C. to the present time with sections on the techniques employed in Egypt, Greece and Rome, the Muhammadan Near East, and China, as well as accounts of European and American glass, is contained in *Glass: A Handbook to a Special Exhibition from the Museum Collections* ($1.00). These are but a few of the important publications of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Guides, Handbooks and Picture Books. They may be ordered direct from the Museum.

Albert I. Dickerson has edited a descriptive booklet of the murals in the Baker Library at Dartmouth. Fully illustrated in gravure, it is called *The Orozco Frescoes at Dartmouth* ($1.00). The latest addition to the Dartmouth College Manuscript Series is Harold Blodgett's *Samson Occom* ($3.50). This is the biography of the Indian preacher without whose efforts Dartmouth College might never have been founded. The first two titles in the same series were James Dow McCallum's *Letters of Eleazar Wheelock's Indians* ($4.00) and Leon B. Richardson's *An Indian Preacher in England* ($4.00). For the Dartmouth alumnus there is the fifth edition of *Songs of Dartmouth College* ($1.00). *Revolutionary New Hampshire* ($3.00) is an able account of the conflicting forces underlying the transition from Royal Province to American Commonwealth by Richard Francis Upton. These are some of the fine books issued by Dartmouth College Publications.

Among the ten books listed as *Ts'ai Tzu Shu* or "works of genius" by the Chinese and reprinted numberless times through the centuries is *Hsi Hsiang Chi, The West Chamber,* now translated into English by Henry H. Hart. ($3.50) *Express and Stagecoach Days in California* by Oscar O. Winther ($2.25), is California history, lively, colorful—the story of the vital part the express and stagecoach business played in the economic and social life of the people of California. In *Death Valley: The Facts* by W. A. Chalfant ($3.50) the author stresses fact above fancy, "the solid factual background around which all the earlier romantic writings have been embroidered." Stanford University Press.

The Story of an Enigma Who Once Was Mexico is the sub-title of a thrilling biography of *Santa Anna* ($3.00) by Wilfred Hardy Callcott. Santa Anna was an extremely interesting and colorful character and the book is written with rare perception and charm. Thomas Wildcat Alford's *Civilization* ($2.50) is the authentic story of how one man in one fairly long lifetime—and that not yet ended—progressed from Shawnee Indian life to civilization as the white man in America knows it. Alford is the great grandson of Tecumseh. This is the latest addition to the ever popular *Civilization of the American Indian Series.* At no time in the history of our American political system has the rôle of the Supreme Court been of greater significance than it is today. Robert K. Carr presents a clear picture of the Court's work in his *Democracy and the Supreme Court* ($1.50). Twenty-six prominent Americans review the obligations of higher education to society in a symposium bearing just that title, *Higher Education and Society* ($3.00). They all agree that the purpose of higher education must be to perpetuate society successfully and in order to achieve its purpose education must be concerned with cultivating character. In a confused educational world, the directness with which these eminent men return to the essential necessities of education is indeed reassuring. All of these titles are published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

"The best book on birds which has appeared in America" is *The Birds of Minnesota* ($15.00) by Thomas S. Roberts. It is now offered in a second revised edition with 92 color plates, 612 illustrations, 1568 pages, in two volumes. Of equal interest is *Bird Portraits in Color* by the same author. There are 92 beautiful color plates, quarto size, reproduced with lifelike accuracy from the water color paintings of famous bird artists and supplemented by Dr. Robert's delightful descriptions and anecdotes of bird life. The book is available in a stiff cloth binding at $3.50 and in a limp cloth binding at $2.50. The same 92 color plates, in a spiral binding with index giving both scientific and popular names of each bird but without text, are gathered together in *295 American Birds* ($2.00). John T. Flanagan has edited William Joseph Snelling's *Tales of the Northwest* ($3.50). This is a limited reissue in beautiful format of a rare bit of Americana originally published in 1830 and was probably the first appearance of the Northwest in fiction. The University of Minnesota Press.

One of the most interesting publications issued under the imprint of the New York Public Library is *American Historical Prints, Early Views of American Cities, etc.* ($2.50). The material described by I. N. Phelps Stokes and Daniel C. Haskell draws upon the Phelps Stokes and other collections. It is also available in a large paper, special edition with two color plates at $25.00. Describing the history of its origin, its reception by the nation, the rise of the controversy respecting its authorship, Victor Hugo Paltsits has edited *Washington's Farewell Address* ($12.50). The Address is given in facsimile with transliterations of all the drafts of Washington, Madison and Hamilton together with their correspondence and other supporting documents. There is also an excellent bibliography. Of unusual interest is *Archibald Robertson* (he was a Lieutenant-General in the Royal Engineers) *His Diary and Sketches in America, 1762-1780* ($10.00). The book is edited with an introduction by Harry Miller Lydenberg. This is another of the beautifully printed publications of the New York Public Library.

Dr. Hans Mardersteig of the Officina Bodoni has now started the Verona Press in Verona, Italy. The first publication of the new press is the vers de début of a young poet who is fortunate in entering the arena at a time when the poetry audience is growing impatient of the political acrobatics and capricious "rhythms" of recent years. It is Frederick Johnston's *Terracina Cloud* ($2.00). This book is bound in emerald cloth gilt with an attractive woodcut on the jacket. The latest book to appear under the imprint of the Officina is Gabriele D'Annunzio's *L'Oleandro* ($15.00). The edition is limited to 180 copies of which 170 are for sale. The book is copiously illustrated with original lithographs by Giuseppe G. Boehmer. The lovers of fine printing will be glad to know that copies are again available in New York of *The Officina Bodoni* ($6.00). This describes the operations of a hand press during the first six years of its work and includes 12 woodcuts by Frans Masereel.

These books are available at your bookseller. If not, they may be ordered from

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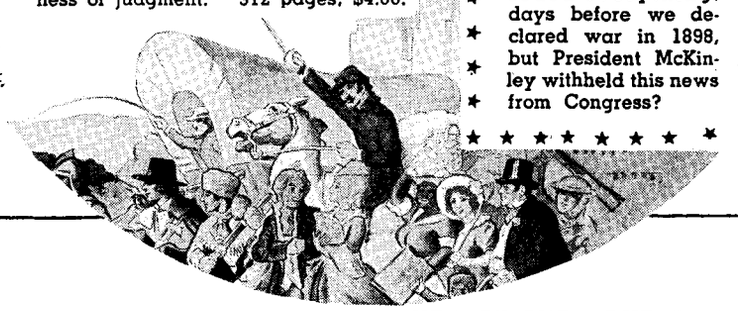

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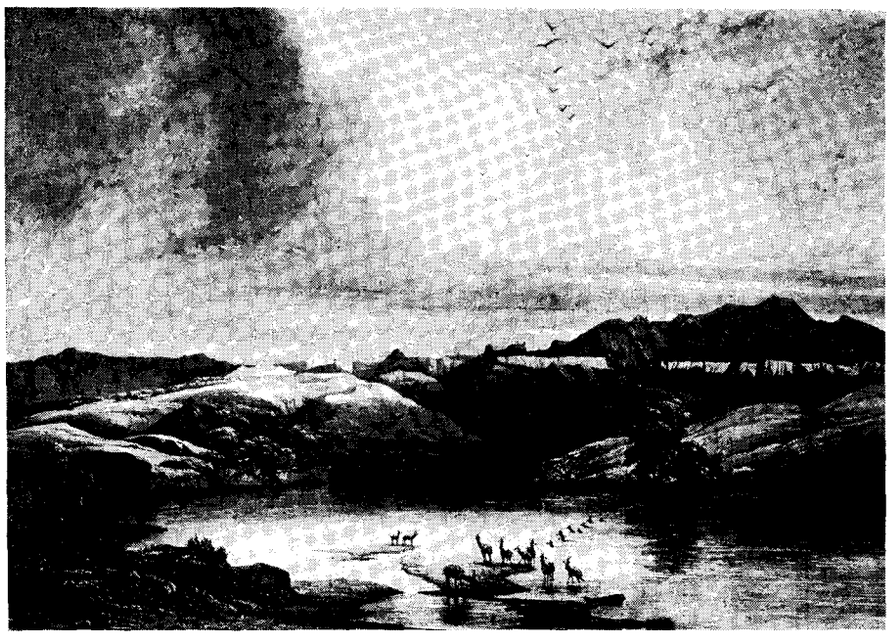

"WHITE CASTLES"—ROCK FORMATIONS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI
A nineteenth century engraving, after a painting by Bodner.

Passage to India

(*Continued from page* 20)

themselves with Rush's pills and pressed on. The cold thin air of the mountains yielded to sweltering heat as they descended, and this too weakened them. "Today he [Lewis] could hardly sit on his horse, while others were obliged to be put on horseback, and some, from extreme weakness and pain, were forced to lie down alongside of the road [trail] for some time."

But in the mountains circumstance and the impersonal malice of the wilderness had done their utmost, and the expedition now reached navigable water again, the Kooskooskee River. They camped on its bank and while the sick recovered, the well made canoes for the last stage of the appointed labor. Reverting to a water route, they had no more to face than a daily, routine hazard of skill against destruction. Down the Kooskooskee to the Snake they went, and down the Snake till at last they reached the river for which they had set out. Two years and three months before, the Columbia had been just a dead reckoning in Thomas Jefferson's study, just a hole pricked in blank white paper with the point of his dividers. And now, forever, a known line was drawn in ink across that white paper from Jefferson's study in Washington to the great river of the West.

There were dangerous rapids still to pass, and the food failed sometimes, and wood for fires was scarce. The Indians too were different, treacherous, occasionally dangerous; they were greater thieves, having been more in contact with white men, whose pea jackets, hardware, and venereal diseases came up the Columbia along the immemorial trade route. They shot the last rapid of the Cascades and came on November 2nd to tidewater. The journey now added one climactic indignity: as they floated down the river a storm rose and, after crossing the continental divide and breaking a trail across the arid wilderness, they must be seasick. It was the rainy season, too, and they were hardly to be dry again till next spring. The river widened, high winds made the waves furious, at night their camp was nearly washed from under them. Almost at journey's end, they had to stop on November 10th, and for two days gales, thunder, and hailstorms buffeted them. There was a final precarious moment with some anonymous Indians and, on November 14th, Captain Lewis rounded a last point and saw the open sea.

They were too uncomfortable, too waterlogged, too weary, and much too seasoned to rejoice. The journal says, "Ocian in View! O! the joy," and says little more. A campsite must be found and preparations for the winter must be begun—better to think of such urgent things than of significances that hovered above that stormy promontory. But the continent had been crossed and was no longer unknown. The trail was blazed, the Americans had occupied their country, the Republic had reached its farthest frontier. An idea with which the restless mind of Thomas Jefferson had wrestled through many nights had been given flesh, Meriwether Lewis's dream had come true, and the thing was done. It was November 14, 1805, and the journey of Lewis and Clark to a foreseen but unknown end had reached that end on a rainy Pacific beach. Another, older, more dream-bound journey ended too. The passage to India was achieved, and three ships made harbor that had sailed from the port of Palos on Friday, the third of August, 1492, at about eight in the morning.

They were still looking for a campsite when one of the captains carved a legend on a large pine tree. "William Clark December 3d 1805. By Land from the U. States in 1804 & 5." One reads the legend, seeing that inked line move westward across blank paper. "By Land from the U. States." Yes.

They found their campsite, up Netul River from Meriwether Bay, where wood was plentiful and game abundant. They began building their fort, in the endless rain. It was not finished till after the new year and in fact was never satisfactory or even watertight, but within a few days it had a roof. They established an outpost on the beach, where salt would be made for the winter and the homeward journey—and whence word came that evoked the only selfish request Sacajawea is known to have made. A whale had stranded there, and she asked leave to go see it, to behold a marvel and take word of it back with her to her own people. About this time, too, she sacrificed a treasured gaud. The captains wanted, so that they might send it to Mr. Jefferson, a magnificent sea otter coat that a visiting chief wore. But they could not buy it, for their stock had been depleted, in part lost, in part cached in the mountains, and they had no blue beads, which alone its owner valued. Sacajawea had a necklace of blue beads—and so Mr. Jefferson in due time was able to see for himself the principal article for which his merchants would contend with the Russians in these waters. Her generosity must have cost William Clark a pang. He had come to feel for her not only a complete respect but a tenderness compounded of shared hazards and proved trust. He called her "Janey," in utter comradeship and had named a great rock Pompey's Pillar after her infant son. And once, after the mountains were passed, she had secretly given him a small piece of bread which she had saved and carried heaven knows how long to feed the child.

So they came to their second Christmas, with no salt and the rain rapidly spoiling the meat they shot. "we would have spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting," Clark says, "had we any thing either to raise our Sperits or even gratify our appetites, our Diner concisted of pore Elk, so much spoiled that we eate it through mear necessity, some Spoiled pounded fish and a fiew roots." Sergeant Ordway speaks:

> Wednesday 25th Decr 1805. rainy & wet. disagreeable weather. we all moved in to our new Fort, which our officers name Fort Clatsop after the name of the Clatsop nation of Indians who live nearest to us. the party Saluted our officers by each man firing a gun at their quarters at day break this morning. they divided out the last of their tobacco among the men that used [it] and the rest they gave each a Silk handkerchief, as a Christmast gift, to keep us in rememberance of it as we have no ardent Spirits, but are all in

(*Continued on page* 28)

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A Selected List of
CHRISTMAS BOOKS
For People who *Know What They Like*

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 17)

battered butler's gear, who loosened his cummerbund and went bulimy on scrambled eggs. The Jacks and Susies of the all-night shift cast sidelong glances at that inscrutable figure; and thought (I hope) that Charley Chan was hot on a trail.—There's a charming waitress who serves breakfast at the Union Station in St. Louis; she has an aurora of very snug little curls. I fear they are fabricated rather than natural. Does she remember the two-cup customer, who had just had his first lungfull of St. Louis's bituminous air? The lower-case curls were truly a work of patient art, as tight and tidy as little brass snails; but what happens (he had to inquire) when the soot gets into them? Everyone was coughing so he didn't hear the answer.

A pleasant idea for an ironical short story, he continued. An author, already suffering some twinges of writer's cramp, has been signing books until the last few minutes before catching a train. He is somewhat appalled by this ritual, but does not wish to seem ill-natured. . . . Hurriedly checking out at the hotel he finds he is short of cash, and must liquidate a traveler's check. He struggles valiantly to reproduce the signature he had affixed to the check two weeks before; but an afternoon of signing has frozen his phalanges. The hotel clerk, seeing his obvious efforts to produce a labored forgery, calls the manager, and both agree that this is plainly an impostor.

Make your climax what you please: the local hoosegow until bailed out by the lecture committee; or stay overnight until the fist has relaxed,—thus missing schedule.

Yes, he brooded, the young reporter in Oklahoma City thought I was joking when I said that the old stage melodramas were Elsie Dinsmore compared to the excitement of the lecture platform. What agitations, what humors by the way, what humiliations and fatigues; what undeserved kindnesses. It is a slice of life that few have ever attempted to portray; it could exist nowhere else.

He was growing tired, I think, for his reminiscence became disjointed—He spoke of the blue streamlined train (the *Abraham Lincoln*) that spins from St. Louis to Chicago, 284 miles in 295 minutes, making two stops. (How the Midwest and the South have got the East licked in the quality and comfort of their train service.) He remembered the blue cars running smoothly along the tree-lined brick-paved streets of Springfield, Illinois, where one still feels some tremolo of Vachel Lindsay's frustrated vision. Let us have more poets as generously mad as Vachel, whose simplicity was inflamed with noble ardors.—And let us (I heard him say) once in a while get out and around, and share our visions with each other. We don't have to be too solemn about it.

He startled me by bursting into a guffaw.

—What is it, O. M.?

I was just thinking of the price they charge for sweetbreads at the Congress Hotel.

—What's funny about that?

—Aren't we always told, the essence of humor is exaggeration?

Passage to India

(*Continued from page* 24)

good health which we all esteem more than all the ardent Spirits in the world.

They were of the world's great adventurers, they had come up the Missouri, over the mountains, and down to the Pacific, by ways no white man had ever taken before, and they had kept their health. They had the winter before them, and the back trail at its end—shirts and leggings and hundreds of pairs of moccasins to make, more than three months of wind and rain, of short rations, of salt making and wood gathering, of yarning and singing and dancing to Cruzatte's fiddle at night, within sound of the Pacific sea. No ardent spirits were left, there was only a pound or two of tobacco and a silk handkerchief apiece to symbolize Christmas for this crew of a greater Argosy. But they had reason enough to be content.

And Captain Clark fared better:

> I recved a pres[e]nt of Capt. Lewis of a fleece hosrie [hosiery] Shirt Draws and Socks, a pr. Mockersons of Whitehouse a small Indian basket of Gutherich [Goodrich], two Dozen white weazil tails of the Indian woman, & some black root of the Indians before their departure.

A hero's Christmas presents, on the edge of the Pacific, with the now traversed continent behind him and the dream achieved. They attest an immortal deed, the affection of his comrade, the respect of his men. And the warm heart of Sacajawea, whose ailments he had treated with nitre and zinc sulphate and Rush's pills, whom he had delivered from her husband's blows, whose child also he had nursed and doctored, whom he had several times snatched from death, whom he had come to think of not as an Indian squaw but as a woman of extraordinary fineness and staunchness. And whose gratitude and loyalty were his. She had but inadequate words to give him on Christmas, the great medicine day of his race, but, accepting the custom she could not comprehend, knowing that he had been kind to her and that this was a day of kindness, she gave him what she had. History will remember William Clark as one of the greatest of its captains, and, remembering him, it will not forget the twenty-four white weasel tails that Janey gave him on Christmas Day.

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The Amen Corner

"Now Christmas is a porter's-rest whereon to set his load;
And Christmas was a blessed bed for One who loved her God.
And Christmas is a chiming bell to ships upon the sea
That decks the shrouds and lights the ports and tolls for Memory—
But Christmas is a meeting-place
For you and me."

"His poetry is close to life," says Miss Eda Lou Walton, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune* of *The Collected Poems of Ford Madox Ford,*[1] in which you will find our Christmas motto.

This volume, which has an Introduction by William Rose Benét, is the first extensive printing in book form in America of Mr. Ford's *Poems,* and includes the poems which have appeared in England in *Collected Poems* (1916); *On Heaven and Poems Written on Active Service* (1918); and *New Poems* (1927). There is also a selection of hitherto unpublished poems, called *Buckshee—Poems for Haitchka in France. "Buckshee,"* derived from the universal oriental *backschisch,* has no English equivalent. It is a British Army word—signifies "something unexpected, unearned—gratifying."

A new book by Mr. Ford which he describes as "a book of mental travel" is coming from the Oxford Press in the early Spring. We have read it in proof, and we advise you to keep an eye open for its appearance. It will be called *Great Trade Route: A Sentimental Voyage.*

But to get back to Christmas, for our own Christmas card we are going to use Max Beerbohm's delightful collection of parodies, *A Christmas Garland,* just added to the inexpensive World's Classics[2] with a charming Christmas jacket.

Two other new titles in our favourite pocket series are Trollope's *Lady Anna* and Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is Within You.* Both of these authors are now almost completely represented in the series.

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Literature of Escape

THE PLAYS OF EURIPIDES. Done into English by Moses Hadas and John Harvey McLean. New York: The Dial Press. 1936. $2.75.

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES. An English Version by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $1.25.

Reviewed by Edith Hamilton

LITERATURE of escape is a term that has fallen into great disrepute. When I hear it spoken with contempt, I am apt to think of what Gaston Paris said to his class at the Collège de France shortly after the Germans had occupied Paris and their army had marched down the Champs Elysées, "Gentlemen," he said (I quote from memory only), "as we meet here today we enter a new country, the republic of letters, a country which has no national boundaries, where there is neither Frenchman nor German, which knows not prejudice nor intolerance, where one thing alone is valued, truth in all her manifold aspects. I propose to study with you this year the works of the great poet and thinker, Goethe."

The reader's escape is not necessarily by means of "vital lies" and romantic fiction, nor yet via the illustrated advertisements, where life's complexities are so engagingly nullified by the use of a certain soap or brand of washing powder. There is another kind of escape literature.

Before me lie two books, both translations from Euripides, published lately within a few weeks of each other. Why is the number of such translations so greatly on the increase? In this distracted world where incredible things are happening in Europe, and, everyone of us fears, may cross the sea and directly confront us here, why is Greek tragedy having what amounts to—in comparison with earlier years—a boom? I cannot see any adequate reason except that we need so desperately to be reminded that "beyond the last peaks and all seas of the world" there stands unshaken the serene republic of what Plato calls "the fair and immortal children of the mind," and that these plays of two thousand four hundred years ago are still one of the shortest cuts to it—escape literature in its noblest and most benignant aspect. To read them is to know, for the hour at least, that

Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity.

No doubt this way of escape is again and again sadly impeded for the reader who must depend on translations. They are often so exceedingly bad—to a degree that makes the Greek student almost inclined to wonder that anyone can get anything from them. And yet it is true that even in the worst of them, which is to say the most ornate and pretentious, there is discernible something of what Schopenhauer called tragedy's prerogative, "that singular swing toward elevation," so marked in Greek tragedy that no mist of inept, ill-chosen words can quite obscure it.

Happily, however, ornateness and pretentiousness have no part in either of these newest translations. That by Professors Hadas and McLean is a clear and straightforward prose version of eleven of Euripides's plays, the best-known plays. The language is simple; there are neither archaisms nor affectations. I note with comfort that *you* takes the place of *thou* and that verbs have the ordinary endings. Nor, so far as I can see, are there any of those expressions beloved of translators, *yea, mayhap, lo, alack,* and the like; indeed all grand language is conspicuously absent, *gore, naught, ruth, weal, I trow,* and the rest of the many, many words any one of which removes the text from the reader. All this sort of thing belongs among the devices by which the ill-advised think to elevate their commonplaceness into some resemblance to the Greek. There never was a poorer idea. The unmitigated commonplace is infinitely to be preferred. Nothing could be farther from Greek tragedy than a touch of stilted pretentiousness.

In the translation of these eleven plays there is not even a touch. The authors are men of good taste, men of wit, too. The brief prefaces to each of the plays are suggestive and stimulating. Also these men of learning know their own limitations; they are scholars and they do not try to be poets. Their version keeps closely to the sense of the original and makes no attempt to reproduce the beauty of it. Along these lines it is eminently well done. No one because of it will love Greek tragedy, but those who want to understand Greek thought will find it of real value.

But the second of the two volumes of translations is something quite different. It contains one play only, the "Alcestis" of Euripides. To me it is a unique achievement, the best English version of a Greek play I have ever read. The authors are, I am sure, young; even so, I wonder what college taught them Greek and yet allowed them to keep such a completely fresh method of approach. They have thrown away every tradition and convention of the translator of the classics. They are bold and free, but only with Euripides's expressions; they never sentimentalize or try to popularize his thought. And they are often completely

(*Continued on page* 35)

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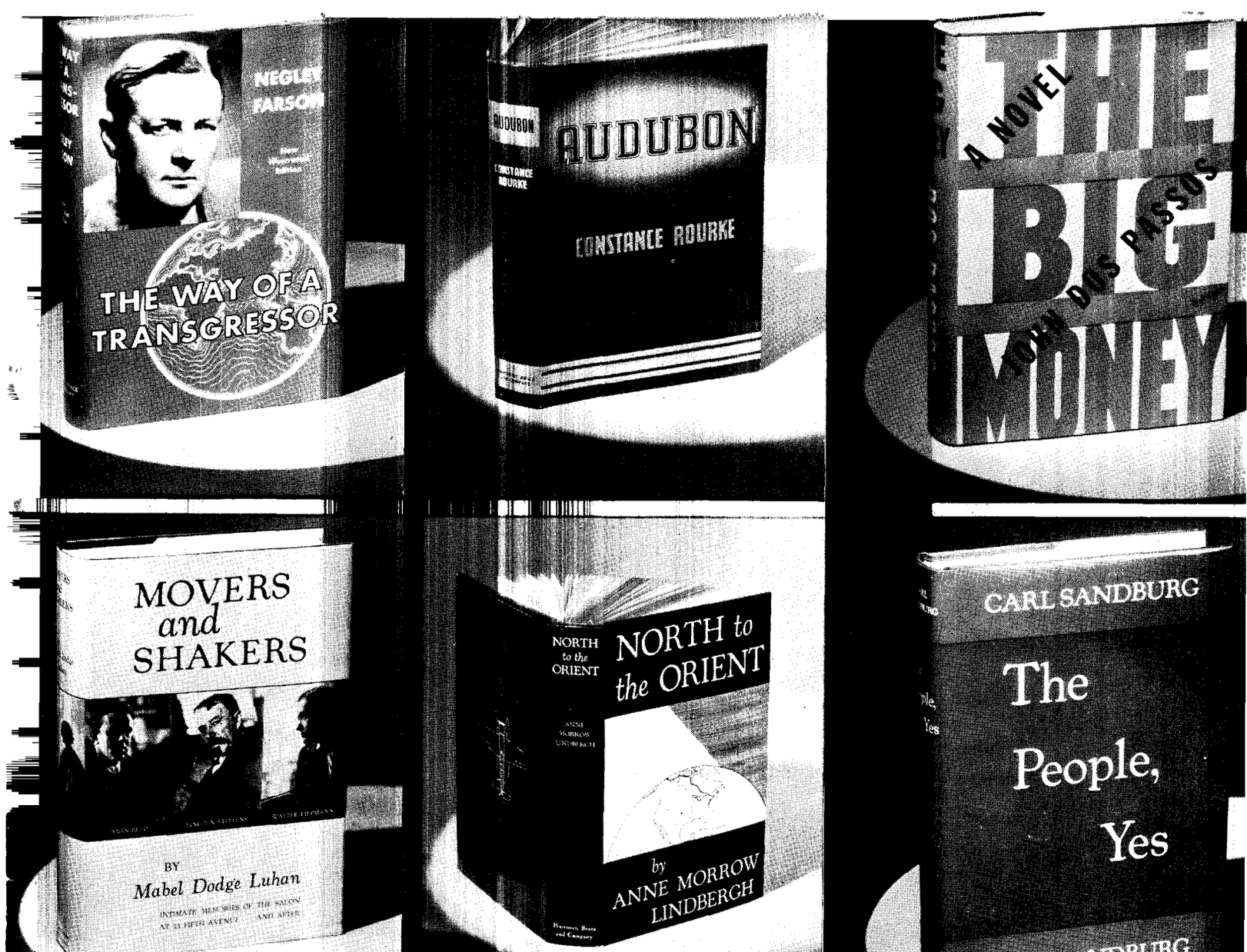

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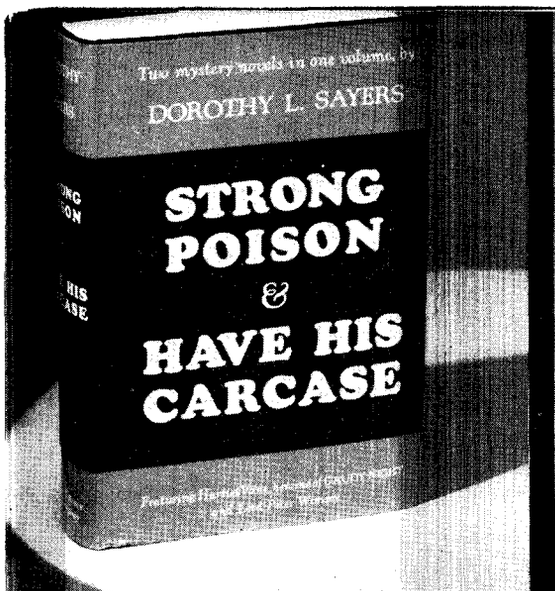

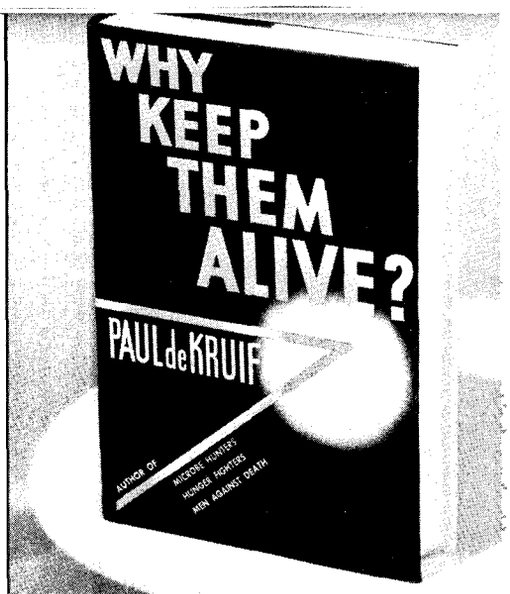

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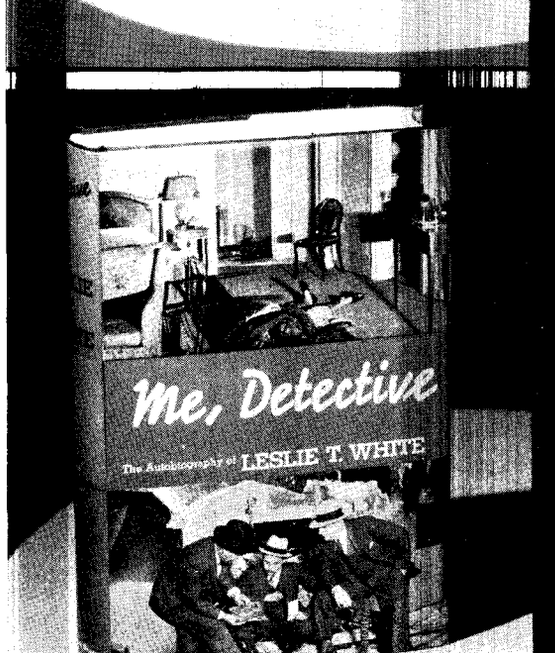

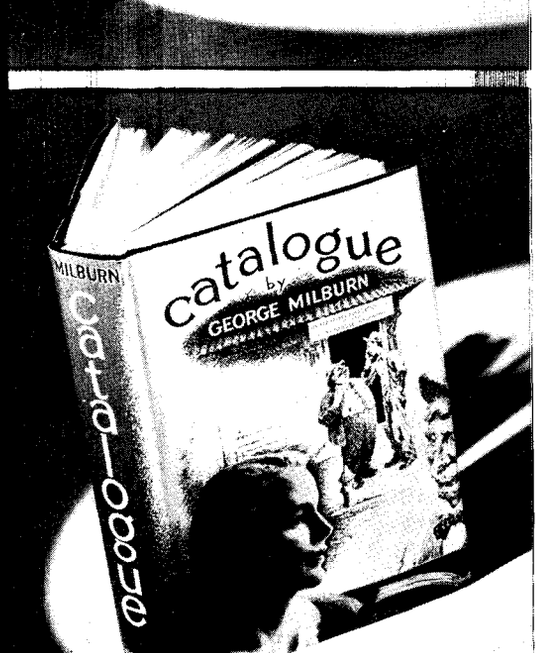

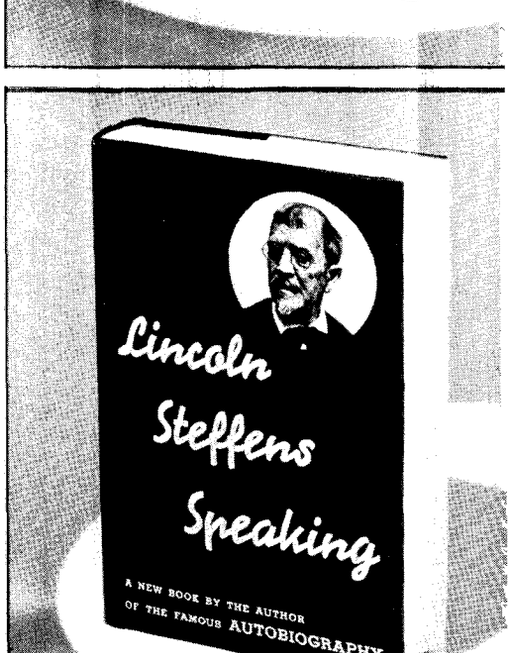

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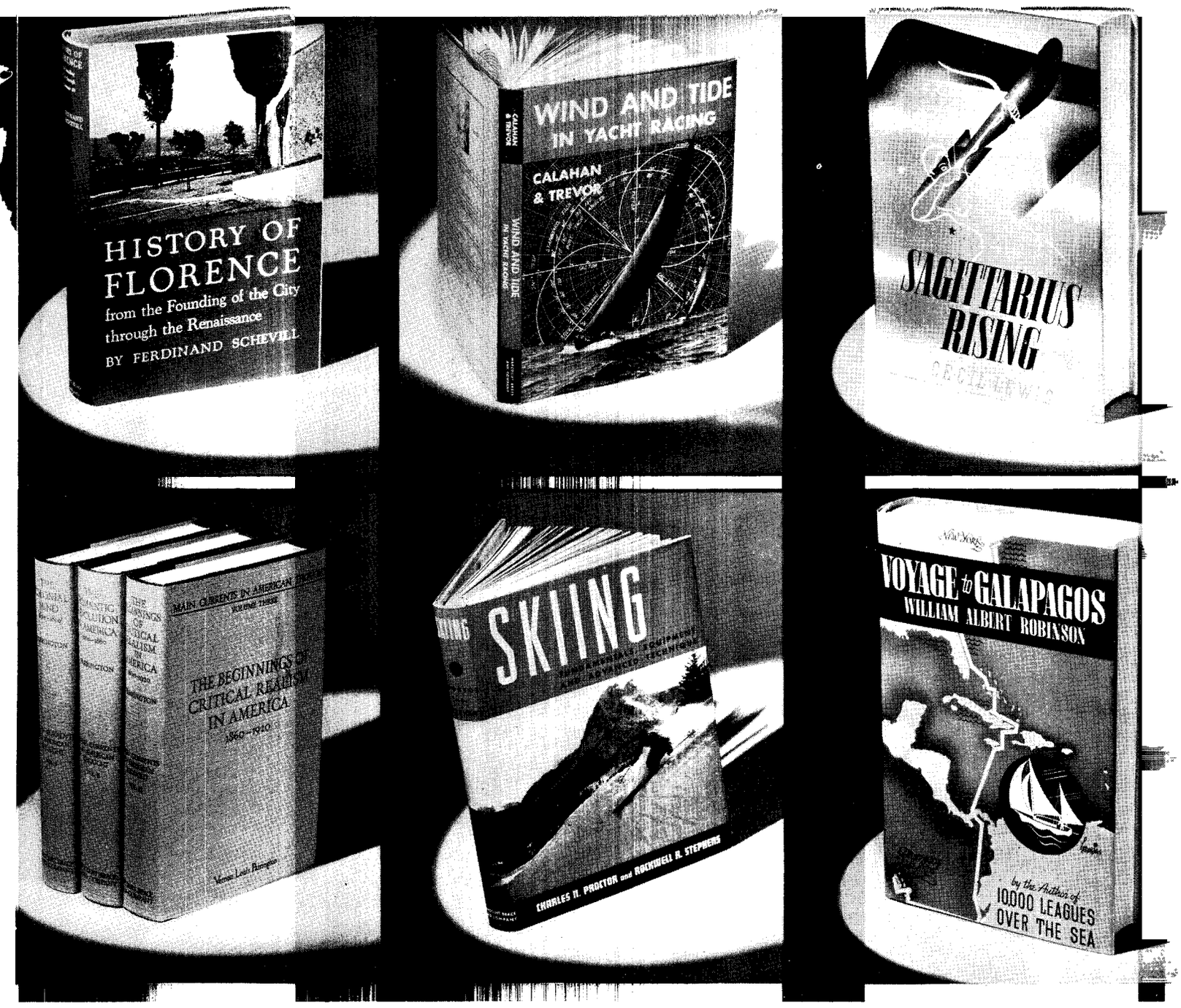
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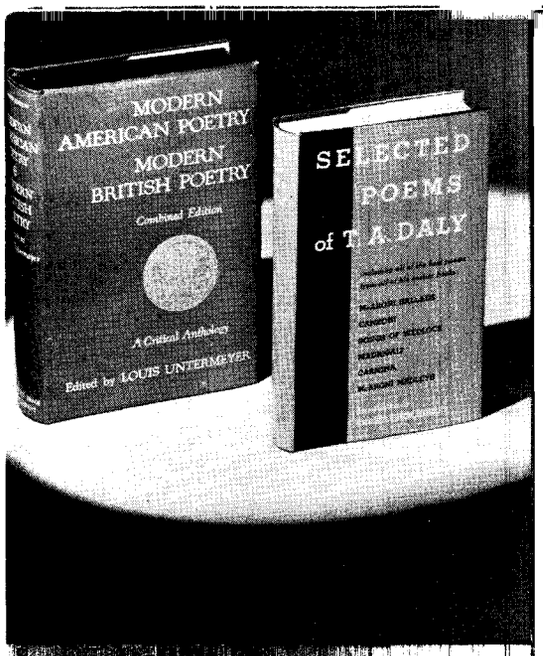

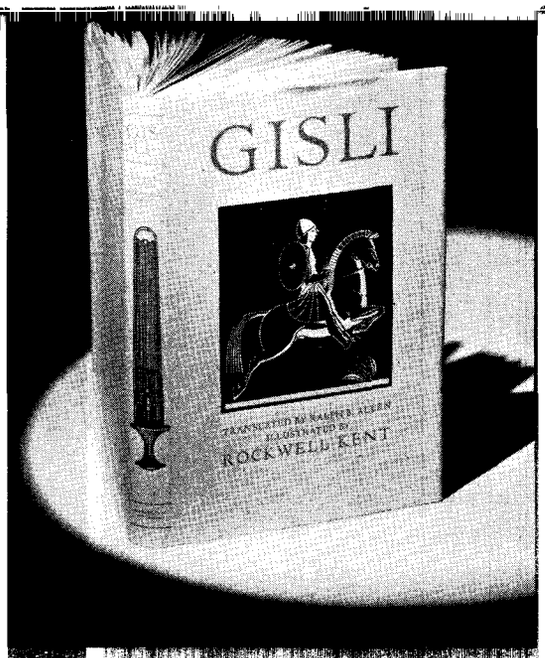

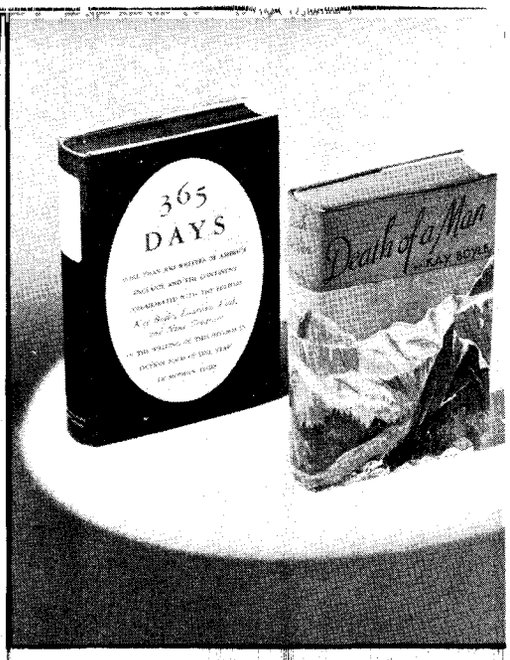

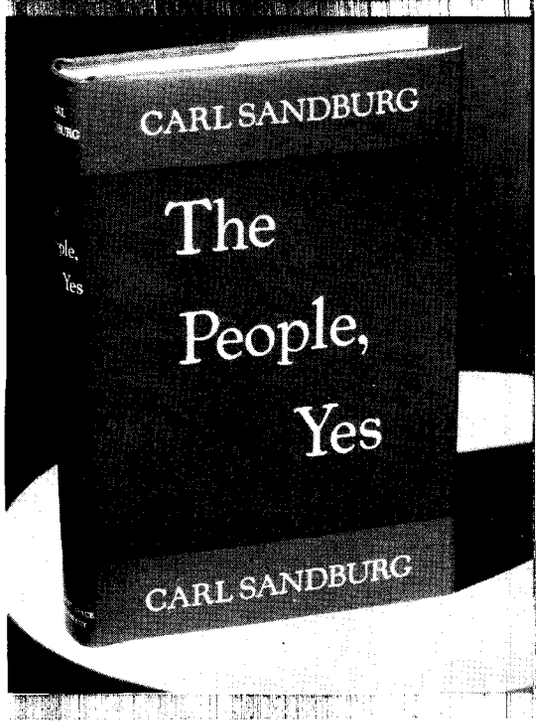

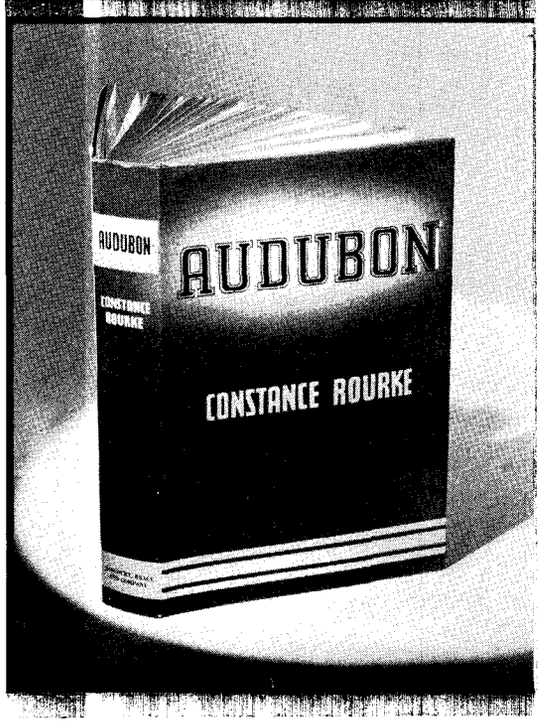

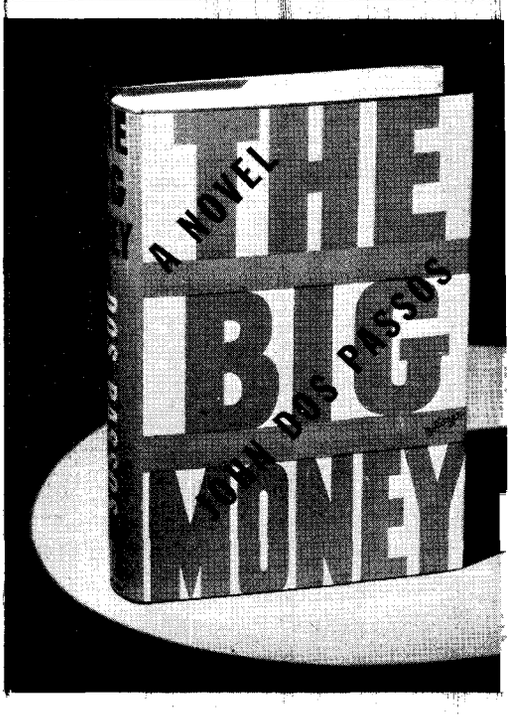

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Literature of Escape

(*Continued from page 30*)

literal, more so than the ordinary translator without imagination enough to see the life there can be in an unconventional phrase or adjective exactly equivalent to the Greek. Not "mortal man," but "deathbound man"; not "the cyclops," but "old Wheeleyes." And the text comes to life. The authors believe that their way is "not a betrayal of Euripides," but only a recognition that forms of expression once vivid and alive may become heavily dead, "and we have thought it best not to embellish our verses with cadavers."

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> Lo, yonder Death;—I see him nigh at hand.
>
> *Death:*
> Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,
> Phoebus?—thou wrestest the right yet again:
> Removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom—

and in our professors' version is:

> Already I perceive Death hard by. Punctually does he arrive.
> *Death:* Ha! Ha! what are you up to outside the palace, Phoebus? Are you at your tricks again? Appropriating the dues of the powers below—

this to two poets becomes:

> So you have come, Death. You have lost no time.
> *Death:* Prince of Light,
> Have you come to quarrel with me in this house again?
> Will you corrupt again those rights
> That only Hell should use?

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Edith Hamilton is the author of "The Greek Way," "The Roman Way," and "The Prophets of Israel." She has translated the "Agamemnon" and "Prometheus" of Æschylus, and "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, the last commissioned by the Theatre Guild.

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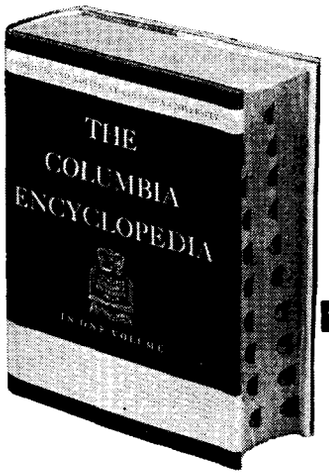

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Art of the Night

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

RESENTMENT against the award of the Nobel prize for 1936 to a dramatist is perceivable among a certain element in the literati. It seems to be their belief that even the best of dramatists is in some inscrutable way not so good as the best of novelists, and that an honor visited upon him is less justified and deserved than one bestowed upon the practitioner of any other form of letters, save only a critic. The resentment in question has been discernible not only in the present case of O'Neill but, in the past, in the cases of such Nobel dramatists as Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Benavente, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Pirandello. Had the award been in existence at the time, it is quite likely that there would have been an equal resentment over its being given to Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Racine, Molière, Sheridan, Schiller, Ibsen, or Strindberg.

The Nobel award each year brings out the best and the worst in its critics. When they argue that, of all writers, Hardy should in his lifetime have been honored by it, they are right. When they argue that H. G. Wells should have received it ere this, they are probably also right. But when they imply that there is arbitrarily a greater merit in its bestowal upon some second-rate poet like Tagore or some third-rate poet-essayist like Spitteler than there would have been upon some playwright like even Porto-Riche or Stephen Phillips and when they imply further that there is a higher literary merit in such recipients of the honor as von Heidenstam, Gjellerup, Pontoppidan, Deledda, and Karlfeldt, none of whom they doubtless had ever previously heard of and much less ever read, than in such contemporary men of the theatre as Hervieu, de Curel, Synge, Donnay, Sierra, Giacosa, Toller, O'Casey, and at least a dozen others they are simply weaving chestnut leaves in their hair and burying their heads in the sand.

That the awards of the Nobel prize in the last thirty-six years have estimated the drama as an art worthy of the highest respect and consideration, to the agony of the literary critics, is evident from the records. Of thirty-three awards, no less than a dozen have gone either to men whose profession was that of dramatist or to men whose body of writing has included drama, *viz.*, Heyse, Rolland, and Yeats. Compare the merit of these twelve with twelve other littérateurs who have received the prize. Compare the critical literary worth of Hauptmann with that of Tagore, of Shaw with Reymont, of Maeterlinck with Karlfeldt, of Galsworthy with Gjellerup, of Yeats with Spitteler, of Björnson with Sienkiewicz, of Benavente with Deledda, of Heyse with Pontoppidan, of Rolland with Bunin, of Echegaray with Mistral, of Pirandello or O'Neill with Heidenstam. There may, after all and parenthetically, be something in Sinclair Lewis's recently declared decision to devote himself in the future as seriously to the drama as he has in the past to the novel.

Literary critics and their stooges are responsible for the pretty build-up of the novel at the expense of the play. They do not argue so much that this or that dramatist is of no account in the great summing up of literature as that the drama is of small account as compared with the novel. Their logic is peculiar. Drama, they say, does not enjoy the unrestricted scope of the novel. What of it? Does "Electra," "Œdipus," "Antigone," "The Frogs," or "The Birds" suffer from it? Does "Hamlet," "Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," or "Romeo and Juliet"? Do countless dramas from Ibsen's "The Master Builder" to Shaw's "Saint Joan," from Hauptmann's "The Weavers" to O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars," from Maugham's "The Circle" to even that dramatic masterpiece in miniature, Synge's "Riders To the Sea"? Doesn't "Abie's Irish Rose" for that matter, tell its story, such as it is, and get its effect, such as it is, quite as fully and comprehensively as that other great art work, "Anthony Adverse"—and in, God bless it!, one-fourth the time?

But the drama, they tell us further and somewhat Hibernianly, isn't literature in the sense that literature is literature. It is simply literature arbitrarily mechanized out of literature to fit an alien and bastard medium, the stage. Let us relevantly pose a few more tedious questions. Is Gorki's novel "Three Men" as great literature as his drama "Night Refuge"? Are any of Chekhov's stories as fine literature as his plays "The Cherry Orchard" or "The Three Sisters"?

There is, however and nevertheless, we are emphatically instructed, that in the best novel which the best drama can never possibly, because of its intrinsic nature, approximate. So? What, we may ask, is there in the greatest novel of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century that isn't approximated, and surpassed, in the plays of Shakespeare? But it is unfair to pick out the greatest dramatist who ever lived? Oke. What, then, is there in the best historical novel of our own time that has not been approximated by Shaw in "Saint Joan"; what is there in the best novel of sentiment of our time that has not been approximated by him in "Candida"; what is there in the best satirical novel that has not been approximated by him in "Man and Superman" and "Androcles and the Lion"; what is there in the best farcical novel that has not been approximated by him in "Fanny's First Play"; what is there in the best novel of historical travesty that has not been approximated by him in "Caesar and Cleopatra"; what is there in the best novel on political, economic, or militaristic questions that has not been approximated by him in "Major Barbara" and "Heartbreak House"?

Let us have done with all such critical juggling of novel and drama virtues. The day of vaudeville, whether in the theatre or in criticism, is over—or should be.

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE poetry shelves are full of interesting volumes this week. Established poets like *Conrad Aiken, Edgar Lee Masters,* and *Witter Bynner,* have new books. There is an ambitious long poem by that brilliant younger poet, *Edward Doro,* and a new book of poetry by *Virginia Moore. Alfred Bellinger* edits an anthology of verse from the *Yale Lit,* which reminds us that Father Elihu can claim such poets as *Stedman, Sill, Henry A. Beers, Arthur Colton, Lee Wilson Dodd, Brian Hooker, Leonard Bacon, Phelps Putnam, Stephen Vincent Benét, Cyril Hume* (better known as a novelist), *Thomas Beer* (the same), *Gouverneur Morris* (a popular prose writer), and *Philip Jerome Quinn Barry,* who is *Phillip Barry* the playwright. The most extraordinary omission is that of *Archibald MacLeish* (unless by his own request). MacLeish was chairman of the *Lit* in 1915, as was Bellinger in 1917 and Benét in 1919. In 1920 *John Williams Andrews* held that office, the same Andrews (son of a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian) who now comes before us with "Prelude to 'Icaros'" which Farrar & Rinehart have brought out as a selection of "The Discoverers." It is a sincere and virile paean of the air by one who can fly a ship as well as write resonant poetry, and preludes a "Lindbergh saga" to come from the same pen. The years 1915 through 1920 were remarkable years at New Haven for literature, despite the fact that most of them were war years. *Stephen Benét* and *MacLeish* in poetry, *Farrar* in publishing, *Barry* in playwrighting, *Wilder* in the novel, *Andrews* (just mentioned), *Walter Millis* in history, *Harry Luce* of *Time* and *Fortune,* and so on. Such men have all achieved. In my own day we could boast no such galaxy. *Morris* and *Hooker* were before my time and of the *Lit, Courant,* and *Record* boards the only man to make a real name for himself in letters has been *Sinclair Lewis,* although *Allan Updegraff* of the then-founded illustrated magazine, the *Yale Monthly,* is also a novelist of repute. . . .

So I have drifted into taking up the *Lit* anthology first. It is certainly not an important book, save that it contains juvenilia by such writers as I have mentioned. "Red" Lewis, too, wrote verse then, but Bellinger hasn't culled anything of his, though as I recall it he had one or two efforts that weren't at all bad. Yes, this small blue book from the Yale Press has set the old man dreaming, at the expense of better volumes! One of the poems I like best in it is *Leonard Bacon's* spirited "Ballade of the Golden Horn" because of such youthful gusto as is hard to regain:

We were mariners long agone,
Or ever the ages termagant
Had rent the gold from the gonfalon,
That flew at our fore-peak arrogant.
And whenever the breezes hesitant
Dropped and died in the silent morn,
The bent oars swung to "Byzant! Byzant!
Hark away for the Golden Horn."

I'll return to John Andrew's "Icaros" in a later chapter. The book I shall stress this week is *Witter Bynner's* "Selected Poems" (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. $2.50). I do this because Bynner has been the most curiously over- and under-estimated poet in America. This is partly his own fault. He has been brilliant and very various. *Mr. Paul Horgan's* critical preface to this book is a trifle heavy and sententious. Which is a pity, as Bynner is precisely neither. I do not agree with Mr. Horgan in regard to Bynner's first book, "Young Harvard." The influence of *A. E. Housman* was then obvious, but the book remains to me one of the most remarkably original books of verse ever written by an undergraduate. In fact I am not sure it is not the most remarkable. The extraordinary thing about it is that such poems as "The Chaplet" and "Grenstone River" still deserve to be in any anthology. The book also has a quality that annoys deadly serious people: its effervescence, its light-hearted casualness. I venture to prophesy that some day the unique charm of that early book will be recognized; for many of its lines are still vividly alive; and if it was not quite true in the "Ode to Harvard" that Bynner had, as *Edwin Arlington Robinson* charged him, invented a new poetic form, his handling of the rhymed free verse is his own.

I say all this without in the least meaning to depreciate the work of Bynner's maturity. He has written far too much—he has always worn his laurel aslant with a careless air, like one favored of the gods—and has, I think, led a happy life. His "Eden Tree" is a remarkable narrative, his translations from the Chinese absolutely top-notch, his short plays sophisticated and brilliant, and he has a native gift for satire and succinct barbed expression. I regard his "Passing Near" as a convincing poem of most remarkable insight, a poem which almost manages to express the inexpressible,—comes so close to it that one feels a shiver up one's spine. And in any century the following poem would arrest the eye and mind:

Grieve not for the invisible transported
brow
On which like leaves the dark hair grew,
Nor for the lips of laughter that are now
Laughing inaudibly in sun and dew,
Nor for the limbs that, fallen low
And seeming faint and slow,
Shall alter and renew
Their shape and hue
Like birches white before the moon
Or a young apple-tree
In spring or the round sea
And shall pursue
More ways of swiftness than the swallow
dips
Among . . . and find more winds than
ever blew
The straining sails of unimpeded ships!

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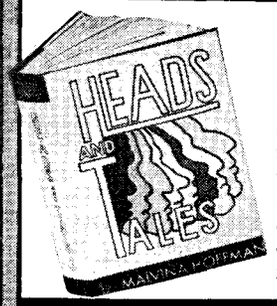

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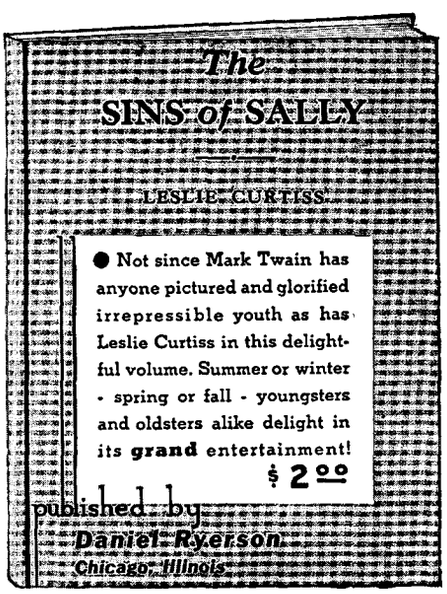
BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is an interesting Christmas season for young people when several different editions of so great a boy's classic as Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" appear. The most distinguished by all odds is illustrated by Norman Rockwell, priced at $3.75 and published by The Heritage Press, 551 Fifth Avenue. But the edition from Noble & Noble, 100 Fifth Avenue, illustrated by George Carlson and priced at $1, is a good bargain. I think boys will also be glad to learn that Doubleday, Doran have got out that excellent horse story of Kipling's, "The Maltese Cat," in a special edition with many illustrations by Lionel Edwards, R. I. The plates are in color. It's all about polo in India, of course —and the illustrator has observed the sport on the spot.

To turn from a British horse to a British dog, if you like dog rhymes, Arthur Neustadt, F. R. P. S. has taken many photographs of "Tony" for "Tony Sees the World" (Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. $3) and Agnes Crozier Herbertson has furnished the verses. Tony is a real "dog's dog." You can get the book direct from the Centaur Book Shop, 206 S. Juniper Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The "husky" is another type of dog entirely, and in "The Long Whip," Jane Brevoort Walden (the author of "Igloo"), and Stuart D. L. Paine have written the tale of a great husky. Since Jane Walden has already told the story of Admiral Byrd's famous dog, and Paine is the son of the late author Ralph D. Paine and also was navigator of the Queen Maud geological party, to say nothing of his being Byrd's top-flight dog driver, you can see that these authors are eminently fitted to spin their yarn, which they do in a most authentic narrative illustrated by photographs. The publisher is G. P. Putnam's Sons; the price $2.50.

"The Adventures of Mr. Ramshaw and the Eagle," by Captain C. W. R. Knight (Dodd, Mead. $1.50), is another real document, photographically illustrated, and full of excitement and humor. We have heard Captain Knight lecture, and Mr. Ramshaw some time ago made newspaper headlines when he perched on a skyscraper. The black-and-white drawings in the book, by the author, are not the least part of the entertainment. Another photographic book deals with a baby hippopotamus, "Puddle" (Rand McNally. $0.50), but the photographs will beguile older children as well as younger, though the text is for the latter. The authors are Ruth Ann Waring and Helen Wells. When we come to "The Diary of Ducky Daddles," by Eunice M. Obenschain (Fortuny's: New York, 45 West 45th Street. $2), you have a fantasy with illustrations engraved by Joseph Di Gemma. This is distinctly for younger children who take an interest in duck-language. They will also like the brightly-colored "Bobra of Bali," about a little Balinese boy and his sister, written and illustrated by Mariel Wilhoite and Elizabeth Horton. A map of the island of Bali is furnished (Rand McNally. $1). Which leads us to speak of seeing the world. A forthright volume on this subject is "We See the World," by Gladys F. Rinehart, of Kansas State Teachers College, Pittsburgh, with photographs by Bruno Parth (Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Company) and to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard's "Children of Other Lands Books," this season are added two titles, "When I Was a Boy in Ireland,'" by Alan Michael Buck, and "When I was a Girl in Wales," by Maude Morgan Thomas. These little books are priced at a dollar apiece. "Song of the Iroquois," by William H. Bunce, with illustrations by Paul Quinn (Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $1.50) features an Oneida Indian boy who proves his right to become a warrior. For the season, also, get the revised and enlarged edition of "Christmas Everywhere," a book about the Christmas customs of many lands, written and compiled by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist (Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $2).

Two books for girls of from twelve to sixteen are Marian McIntyre McDonough's "Westward to the Stars" (Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $2) which tells how the Towers, with sixteen-year-old Susan the heroine, got to Colorado in 1864 and what happened to them there. It is illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. And there is also a mystery story, "The Secret of the Blue Macaw," by Izola L. Forrester, illustrated by Jacob Landau (Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $2).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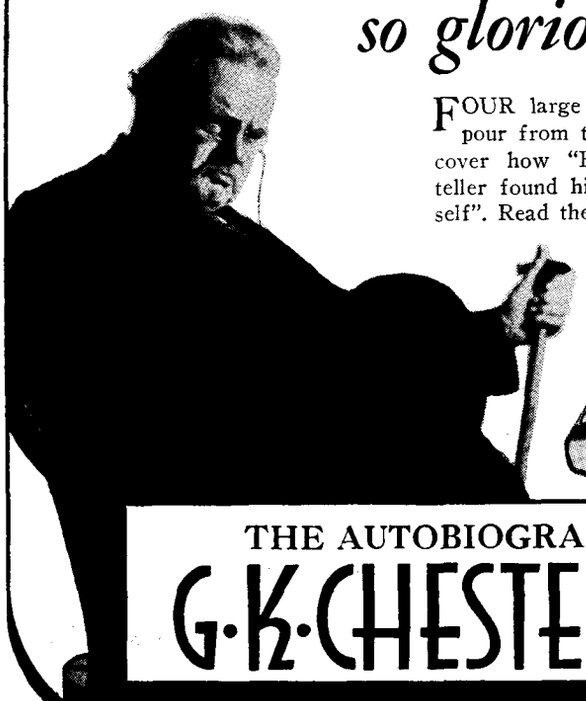

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★ *Editors and Contributors*

In addition to the fine booknotes and criticisms by the editors, Bertha Mahony and Elinor Whitney, who are also the authors of *Realms of Gold* and *Five Years of Children's Books*, THE HORN BOOK has published during the past year material written especially for its pages by many well-known authors, illustrators, editors, and critics of books for young people. A partial list of contributors follows:

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★ *A Critic's Comment*

I should not like to be without THE HORN BOOK. Its freshness and variety and imagination make it much more than a listing of recent titles. One of its greatest charms is the genuine enthusiasm it has for the fine thing in children's books and its energy in discovering this fine thing. . . . Because of its ample and excellent use of illustrations and its own attractive format, it presents the books discussed more appealingly than any other reviewing organ that I can think of. . . . Such fine and scholarly articles as Miss Jordan's series on the history of children's books in America give weight and substance; the background material about books and authors is valuable and can be passed on to young readers. . . . Speaking for myself, I particularly enjoy the informal comments in "The Hunt Breakfast." As a matter of fact, there is a beguiling touch of humor about THE HORN BOOK that endears it to me.

—ANNE T. EATON
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In Cooper's Tradition

THE WRECK OF THE ACTIVE. A Story of Adventure. By F. V. Morley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

THIS tale, like its author's "East South East," begins in 1806. It has a further resemblance to its predecessor in that the later action occurs largely on shore. Activity begins on the first page and seldom lags for so much as a page's length until the story's anchor is about to be swallowed in the proper romantic fashion. It is, indeed, an oddity nowadays to come upon a well-written tale so close to the Cooper tradition of steady motion and no psychology—the Cooper tradition, of course, of "The Pilot," not of "Home as Found." This may be the result of Mr. Morley's desire to please small boys of all ages from five to fivescore, but it may just as well be an honest historical student's effort to deal with events long past in the style of the period.

Constant readers of *The Saturday Review* ought to remember Frank Vigor Morley's knowledgable and imaginative review of a reissue of "Moby Dick," in one of the earliest numbers of this journal. The same factors, sound historical data and the imaginative power to bring them to life, invest "The Wreck of the Active." The first half of the book has, I think, too great a dependence upon the stock situations of the eighteenth century adventure story. The deliberate wreck of a carriage during a chase is not made to seem necessary, especially so soon after the similar affair in "Anthony Adverse." And if Mr. Morley can bring scenes and events to vivid life, he is not so successful with people. All the important persons of the story are types. The author, in deliberately avoiding the modern psychological presentation of character, has failed to go far enough back to the older method of portrayal that made such distinct individuals of Roderick Random and Tony Lumpkin.

The wreck of the schooner herself, on the other hand, is superbly managed, not with the usual jarring thud, but with a gradual accumulation of horror. Mr. Morley's bent so obviously lies in the reshaping of first-hand sources rather than in the reworking of stock situations that it is rather a pity that he did not get his schooner around the Horn to the Pacific Northwest a bit sooner. When her people are all slain, or fugitives, or enslaved by the Indians, the tale acquires a power which suggests that the same pen, imposing fewer restrictions on the same material, might have produced a genuine classic of adventure. As it stands, it is a capital yarn. The publishers, incidentally, should be chidden for a jacket that grossly misrepresents the scene it is supposed to portray.

The Criminal Record

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DEAD MAN CONTROL *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wealthy marital tyrant slain, *sans doute*, by lovely bride, says Law. Insp. McKee does doubt, with startling results.	Haemophilia, vanishing family jewels involving 2nd murder, much intrigue, action, and logical—but somehow disappointing—solution.	Top drawer
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SERGEANT DEATH *Frank P. Grady* (Barrows Mussey: $2.)	Two millionaires and bishop slain by "J. Ketch." Inspector Bernadone and Ketcham finally spot excessively literary killer.	Method of murderer interesting but story is too talky and cluttered with irrelevant observations on matters of little import.	Amateurish

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

On Caricatures, Puppets, and "Mother Goose"

"Please," writes Mrs. H. S. C. of Petaluma, Calif., *"can you tell me the name of a good illustrated book of caricature? . . . Also, can you give me the name of a* MOTHER GOOSE *with good illustrations? Is there a book of well drawn animals which would be of assistance to me in making hand puppets?*

THE first book on caricatures which comes to my mind is unfortunately out of print, but ought, I think, to be easily available in libraries and could, I am sure, be procured through a second-hand dealer. This is Bohun Lynch's HISTORY OF CARICATURE (Faber & Faber), which is a chronicle running from ancient Egypt to the present and containing many illustrations. The text traces the annals of satirical drawing in interesting fashion, while the pictures which are scattered through it as well as those which are collected together at the end of the volume lend vivid assistance to the commentary. H. R. Westwood-Dickson's MODERN CARICATURISTS (London: Dickson) contains illustrations by some of the best modern caricaturists with brief notes on the artists and their works. A volume designed for the beginner is HOW TO DRAW CARTOONS (Harpers), by Clare A. Briggs, whose "Mr. and Mrs.," "When a Feller Needs a Friend," and other comic strips have penetrated to every corner of the land and made their personalities almost as familiar as figures of real life to thousands. The book is profusely illustrated, and in addition to those by Briggs has pleasing chapters by some of the artists who were included in it by him. As to illustrations of animals, probably the most useful book for Mrs. H. S. C.'s purposes is ANIMAL DRAWING AND ANATOMY (Scribners), by John Edwin Noble. It is illustrated by the author and is an excellent work.

So many generations of children have been brought up on the Kate Greenaway illustrations to MOTHER GOOSE that to suggest a volume first that presents the rhymes without them would be something like describing New York harbor and leaving out the statue of Liberty. The two seem inseparable. There are numerous editions to be had with the familiar and much loved pictures, among them one issued by Warne which contains over half a hundred rhymes and illustrations. Not long before his untimely death in the twenties, the highly gifted English artist, C. Lovat Fraser, brought out a small collection of Mother Goose rhymes (Knopf) with accompanying illustrations of his own, some of them in black and white, others in the bold and glowing colors characteristic of his work. And only the other day the Heritage Press issued what is said to be the most complete MOTHER GOOSE available, edited by my associate and neighbor of the Phoenix Nest, William Rose Benét, who has gathered together over three hundred of the verses, and supplied them with an introduction and a Foreword for parents. The book is brilliant with color for Roger Duvoisin has furnished gay and animated pictures for the rhymes in a profusion that is almost bewildering. The volume would, I think, have been more artistic and easier for small tots to read without the script titles which add an elaborate note to the pages, but it is a beautiful one nevertheless, and a collection which anyone who would have as inclusive a MOTHER GOOSE as is procurable might covet. As to the fairy stories Mrs. H. S. C. desires she might consult some of Andrew Lang's collections. They ought to yield anything she wants.

The Victorian Era in Fiction

H. F. D. of Madison, N. J., *is in search of some fairly recent work of fiction dealing with the Victorian era.*

THERE GOES THE QUEEN (Morrow), by Geoffrey U. Ellis, is a long novel which follows the fortunes of two generations of an English family from 1880 to the outbreak of the Great War. It is a leisurely work, somewhat mild for those who have read the Victorian novels themselves, but sufficiently revealing of the customs and background of the later period of Victoria's reign. However, unless H. F. D. is insistent on a recent book she would do far better, I think, if she is not already familiar with it, to read Galsworthy's FORSYTE SAGA (Scribners) or Clemence Dane's BROOME STAGES (Doubleday, Doran). This last is the long chronicle of a theatrical family through a period stretching from about the middle of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth, admirable in its depiction not only of the background of the theatre but of English life in certain social groups. It is a novel worth reading.

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Tough Troubadour

NEGRO FOLK SONGS AS SUNG BY LEAD BELLY. By John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

"LEAD BELLY" is a tough troubadour. Is he merely vulgar? The answer will depend on the particular feeling you have for folk songs. This collection certainly provides entertainment for jaded musicians, as well as the musically unsophisticated, who unashamedly like a good tune. It furnishes some still unexploited "matter of the Deep South" for the increasing audience looking for fresh songs from the Negro. What "Lead Belly" sings, but especially what he says, may be requisitioned as new evidence by scholars who are interested in folk origins. But the book is not for the casual reader. It is hardly possible to transpose the charm of a Negro voice, singing "between the keys" to the accompaniment of a "twelve-string guitar," to printer's ink and paper. The music that has been caught in this book bears about the same relation to "Lead Belly's" actual improvisations that the choral "spirituals" retailed in "Green Pastures" bear to the real religious singing of a negro meeting in a log cabin.

The history of popular music, some day to be written profitably, will take leaves from this contribution of the Lomaxes. Specialists in the question of "communal composition," such as Professor G. L. Kittredge and Mr. R. W. Gordon, will be grateful to these excellent collectors and editors. This is not to say that any of the songs are authentic "ballads" in the technical sense. At least the "broadsides" on the sinking of the *Titanic* might bid to be considered American ballads. Unforgettable local history gets itself perpetuated in "Blind Lemon" and "Mister Tom Hughes's Town."

The best thing in the book is the life story of this Negro double-murderer. In singing his way from penal farm to Harlem he is a true "Worldly Nigger." But, different from most, he will not naturalize in New York. Although featured in "March of Time" news reels, he is not allured. "When I get to Louisiana, gonna walk and tell, New York City is a burnin' hell."

The Lomaxes honestly acknowledge that many of their songs offer little that is new. Citations are made to Carl Sandburg, and the editors characterize their original source as "Lead Belly's Songbag." Enough of novelty is added to justify the inclusion of "Lead Belly's" version of "Frankie and Albert," "Boll Weevil," and "Careless Love." There is wider deviation from the usual in the tunes than in the words.

The American language is enriched by real talk. "Jelly" means either "Big fat woman wid the meat shakin on her bone," or just "Woman." (This suggests the collegiate sense of "jam.") There is Negro mind-stuff in the raw in such patter as: "He tol de l'il girl to play on de piano. De l'il girl commence to whip it to a gravy." Occasional professional platitudes creep in, such as "Contrast is wholly American." If that be true, this is a wholly American book, for the racy Negro language is very different from such scholarly comments as "This stanza has its roots in some Elizabethan lyric."

Musically, the book is a distinct advance over most attempts to capture folk song. It is a question whether much is gained by the editors' devices to indicate microtones, unless they could be written more definitely as, perhaps, quartertones. But the metronome markings furnish a helpful guide. The range of pitch is usually too high for the ordinary singer, but this is inevitable in what is essentially a faithful transcript of the peculiarities of one singer. There are fortunately no accompaniments and arrangements. This is not so much a song album as it is a mine of suggestion. Its final appeal may prove to be that of a historical record of certain elements in the growth of jazz. We have still among us adherents to Dvorak's theory that Negro music is American folk music.

Clifton Joseph Furness is a teacher of music and English, and the author of "Walt Whitman's Workshop."

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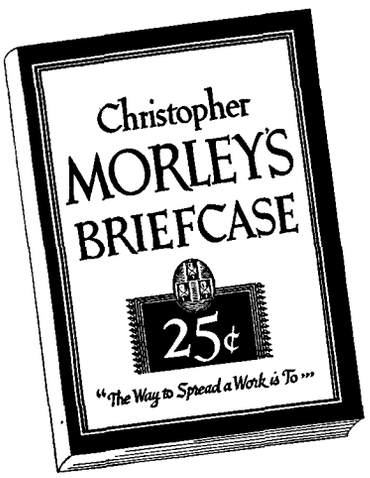

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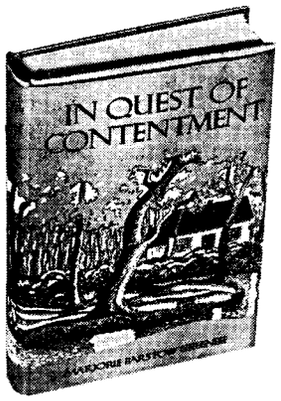
By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie



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The Story of Our Foreign Policies

A DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Samuel F. Bemis. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by DEXTER PERKINS

THE most striking thing about this book is that it makes judgments, as well as narrating the facts. It is solidly based on the materials; in this respect, indeed, it excels any earlier work on the same theme; and it deserves high praise as a survey of American foreign policy. But what distinguishes it from other volumes on the same theme is the freedom with which the author states his opinions, fearing not at all to depart from the pallid neutrality often affected by scholars.

The most important of his opinions are these. The taking of the Philippines at the end of the Spanish-American War, was the ghastliest of American mistakes, giving us territory to defend far outside the area of our legitimate interests and activities; John Hay's Open Door policy was in no sense worth the candle, for it meant merely that we picked England's chestnuts out of the fire in the Orient; Roosevelt's mediation in the Russo-Japanese War was another blunder, since it earned us the ill-will of Japan; in short, this country has no business to pursue an aggressive diplomatic policy in the Orient. It should rather keep out of trouble there, and it could only gain, so Professor Bemis implies, by the development of China under the tutelage of a strong power.

As for Europe, the best thing for this country to do is to take no chances. The policy of non-participation in European affairs was sound. Roosevelt blundered when he led the United States into the Moroccan conference of 1905. Wilson blundered, not so much in finally entering the World War, as in entering unconditionally, without committing the Allies to terms which this country could accept; and all that was gained was the crushing of Germany, which might have united with Japan against the United States. The League of Nations, favored by Professor Bemis in 1920, is now seen to be of doubtful value. No great power is willing to sacrifice its own interests to the general welfare, as that welfare is expressed in the maintenance of peace. If European powers will not do this, *a fortiori,* the United States, more isolated and self-contained, cannot be expected to do it. We should certainly oppose no obstacle to the enforcement of sanctions by the League; and our new neutrality legislation, plus President Roosevelt's pronouncements in the Italo-Ethiopian war, seem to imply that we will oppose none. But we should not join the League.

On this side of the Atlantic, our policy should be one of friendship with the other nations of the New World. We have vital interests in the Caribbean, but they can be secured without intervention. We have blundered when we have bullied, and we made an egregious mistake when we "took" the Panama Canal. We would

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have been able to build a canal without any such unscrupulous policy. We have a right to be proud, on the other hand, of our patience in the face of disorder and jeopardized material interests in Mexico. Indeed, says Professor Bemis a bit lyrically, where else in the world is another such example?

Now these opinions are extremely interesting, and extremely suggestive. They happen almost exactly to fit the temper of the time, so far as they lay down policies for the future. There is much to be said, too, for non-involvement in the affairs of the Orient, for benevolent neutrality in League matters, for abstinence from intervention in Latin America. It is not at all to be regretted that, on the basis of solid scholarship, and after years of reflection, Professor Bemis should express his opinion frankly on such matters.

It is a more dangerous business, however, to deal in hypotheses. To the reviewer it seems by no means clear that American difficulties in the peace conference of 1919 would have been materially lightened by affixing conditions to our entrance into the war. It seems a bit naive to imagine that, when the Germans had been beaten, the condition would have been observed. After all, the Allies subscribed to the fourteen points (a fact hardly mentioned by Professor Bemis); how much were they hampered by this engagement?

It would be possible to mention other instances in which the author of this book makes assumptions that are difficult to prove. But the fact remains that the work is one of solid scholarship; and although it is the vogue for historians to avoid all commitments, there is a good deal to be said for an historian who does not hesitate, on the basis of searching study, to give the reader the benefit of his considered judgment.

Dexter Perkins is professor of history at the University of Rochester, and author of two books on the Monroe Doctrine and a study of John Quincy Adams as Secretary of State.

Stockton's Fantasies

THE REFORMED PIRATE. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrations by Reginald Birch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.50.

THE luster of a few of his works—notably "The Lady, or the Tiger," has partially concealed the fact that as a teller of fairy tales and inventor of whimsical fantasy, Frank R. Stockton has had no superior in America. The adventures of the kind-hearted fairy, Ting-a-ling, the attempts of little Arla to have the clocks of Rondaine strike the correct hour, and the condensation of the sweet marjoram country by the Reformed Pirate remain as fascinating to children, young and old, as when the stories first appeared. The present collection has been compiled and prefaced by Miss Davis, of the New York Public Library, and has been re-illustrated by Reginald Birch, who just fifty years ago achieved a permanent reputation by his illustrations for "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

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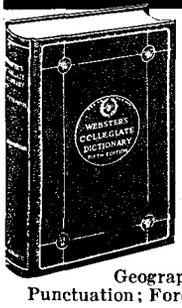

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A London Letter

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THAT solemn, costive, and ill-tempered critic, F. R. Leavis, has just published a new book, "Revaluation," in which, with an anxious pedantry at odds with a genuine admiration for certain authors and a more fervent admiration for his own critical sense, he addresses, in the manner of a short-sighted professor, his admonitions to those English authors of whom he disapproves.

For T. S. Eliot's work, as exquisite as it is narrow, I have a great admiration; but when I read Mr. Leavis, I often find myself wishing that Eliot had never penned a word of criticism. There is something in Eliot's manner which compels the faithful to a certain liturgical routine of response. If Mr. Eliot says *Dominus vobiscum* he says it because he has found in that ancient greeting of promise and peace a vivid personal meaning: but when his disciples chant, in rather mangled plain-song, *Et cum spiritu tuo*, there is a mechanical quality in the response. Here, for instance, is the beginning of F. R. Leavis's essay on John Milton.

> Milton's dislodgement, in the past decade, after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss. The irresistible argument was, of course, Mr. T. S. Eliot's creative achievement; it gave his few critical asides—potent, it is true, by context—their finality, and made it unnecessary to elaborate a case.

Now what does the man mean? From what has Milton been dislodged? From predominance? Over what? And what has Eliot's "creative achievement" to do with it? Does Mr. Leavis really know people who now neglect "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Comus," the "Hymn on the Nativity," and "Samson Agonistes" because they have their minds and hearts sufficiently filled by "The Waste Land" and "Ash Wednesday"? If so, it is surely evident that these gentlemen have but scant space for mental furniture; presumably the bulk of their attics is crowded by bats. Or again, why should it be unnecessary "to elaborate the case" against Milton, because T. S. Eliot has made some critical asides—asides, by the way, so personal as to seem puzzling to the ordinary lover of poetry? Recently Mr. Eliot has declared that he cannot always understand Milton.

Mr. Leavis is noteworthy only because he teaches English literature at Cambridge, and is one of the principal exemplars of a wry-mouthed Puritanism which is infecting our criticism. Throughout this book the word "poetic" is a word of contempt, and the word "literature" a term of abuse. He contrasts, with a flat naïveté, "literature" and "life": as if literature—as written by Milton or Pater or Swinburne, to name three of Mr. Leavis's chief abhorrences—were not just as much a part of life as the internal combustion engine or the prose of D. H. Lawrence. One might as well say that a bull-fight or a football match is life and a game of chess is not. The rise of this school of criticism seems to me one of the biggest bluffs which the academics have made, and it has not been adequately called except by a few critics of the older school, such as F. L. Lucas and Desmond MacCarthy, and by John Sparrow, whose admirable "Sense and Poetry" has never met with any response from the pundits who make a virtue out of their weak digestions.

Well, while such men as Mr. Leavis are still building their temple of cards, Romance goes on. How heartily she goes on, I was aware as I assisted at the dinner, organized by the London P. E. N., to honor H. G. Wells on his seventieth birthday. The club made this an open dinner. We had the ballroom of the Savoy, which holds 600 people: and there were over 800 applications. Priestley was in the chair, and among the speakers were G. B. Shaw, André Maurois, G. B. Stern, and Julian Huxley. Shaw still thinks of Wells as the naughty boy who tried to reform the Fabian Society: and his speech, though dramatic (he began "Poor old Wells!") and domestic, was hardly suited to the occasion. No one paid adequate tribute to Wells, the great romantic novelist—the author of "The Wonderful Visit," of "Kipps," of "Mr. Polly," of "Tono-Bungay," and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and some two dozen wonderful short stories. It always surprises me when I find people accepting as final, authors' opinions of their own work. Years ago, impatient at Henry James's elaborate workmanship, Wells declared he was a journalist not an artist: and far too many people, ignoring the fact that the antithesis was false, promptly agreed that he was not an artist. The judgment is absurd. Wells at his best is an artist as surely as Dickens or Balzac: and in his short stories he is an artist as consummate as Kipling, of whom, by the way, in his admirable speech at the dinner, Wells made a spirited defence against a characteristically mischievous attack by Shaw.

An old friend of mine has just died—G. S. Street. I don't know whether his name means much to Americans. It does, I suppose, to those who study the period of *The Yellow Book*, those oddly named Naughty-Nineties, when, as we know from Hichens's "Green Carnation," flowers had to be unnatural to be loved, and, from Max's Lord George Hell, had to be unknown to be plucked. Street, who was a contemporary of Max's at Charterhouse and Oxford, achieved notoriety by his first book, "The Autobiography of a Boy," a delicate and witty satire on the ideas of the young esthete. That book came out as long ago as 1894. It seemed to me, who was in my early teens, a miracle of sophistication; and I remember my surprise and gratification to discover that the author, whom I asked some six years later for a contribution to an Oxford paper I edited, was one of the kindliest and most modest of men. I think myself that a better book was "The Trials of the Ban-

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tocks," which came out in *The Idler* magazine, where it excited my youthful interest as deeply as did Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" which appeared in the same periodical. Street, more than twenty years ago, took on the ungrateful task of reading plays for the Lord Chamberlain. He was not, as he used patiently and rather wearily to point out, the Censor of Plays. The "reader," who is appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, only acts as his adviser. Still, it is possible that George Street, who edited Congreve's plays, was not without influence; and we can probably see his influence in the greater freedom now enjoyed by the London stage—in the removing of the Censor's ban from such plays as Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Les Avares," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Harley Granville-Barker's "Waste," and Shaw's "Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet." Street was an essayist of rare and delicate quality. His output was small; and I suppose his best-known book is "The Ghosts of Piccadilly," a book in which a man of the nineteenth century combines exquisitely not only the urbanity of his own day, but the more formal civilization of the previous century, to which he seemed naturally to belong.

Looking for Stories

I FOUND NO PEACE. By Webb Miller. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $3.

MR. WEBB MILLER has written a very readable account of how he was transformed from a shy farm lad into a star foreign correspondent. He is yet another of those foreign reporters who, because of journalistic talent, have been able to educate themselves in public. He confesses, being more candid than some others, that he was unfitted for the career. Nevertheless his success in scoops and his easy style enabled him to roam the world on behalf of the United Press.

The publishers announce that Webb Miller sought peace for twenty years and found none. Mr. Miller's book tells how he sought wars, riots, revolutions, murders, and executions and did find them. From the time he headed away from cub-reporting in Chicago and voluntarily observed the Villa campaign in Mexico he was on the track of anything but peace.

He writes entertainingly of his participation in most of the front page stories during this time. Among other exciting events, he covered the World War, the Riff campaign, the Gandhi troubles, and the Italian adventure in Ethiopia. Much of his tale has lost its news value with the passage of time but his personal angle can often still make stimulating reading. Despite our knowledge of the decline of democracy we can still be shocked in reading "about four-fifths of the world's area has fallen under some form of censorship."

Mr. Roy Howard contributes a chapter to the book giving the behind-the-scenes story of the premature armistice announcement of November 7. Like the rest of the book it is interesting not so much as history but in its revelation of the mechanism of news gathering and transmission.

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The New Books

Biography

WANDERER FROM SEA TO SEA: A True Narrative of Modern Man in Search of His Soul. By Maarten Matisse. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.50.

There are two ways of reviewing this very interesting book which has been translated and well translated from the Dutch. It is an autobiography of a spiritual trend. A young Dutchman with the soul of a seeker, the eye of a painter, and the mind of a poet, in a flowing narrative vividly descriptive and full of charm, tells the story of a life which, regardless of its object, is crammed full of the most extraordinary contacts with people of all kinds but particularly the poor, the barbaric, and those hungry either for life or for spirituality. Beginning with the tough adventures of a sailor-boy, he drifts off through the south of France, falling in love with a gypsy, and on among the Arabs and Jews of North Africa, whom he sees not as a tourist sees them but as a vagrant depending upon their hospitality. From there in search of his main objective he crosses Persia, mostly on foot, and so on into India where that variegated life again provides human contacts, many of them extraordinary. Thus the narrative from this point of view is a kind of picaresque romance excellently written and never dropping in interest. But the Matisse book is not a picaresque novel. It is a closely knit story of a modern, a Westerner, an artistic temperament who seeks to satisfy his spiritual craving by first-hand experience of the wisdom of the East. His quest finally takes him to Gurukula, a school of the Arya Samaja, a liberal sect which trains its pupils in the "pure spirit of the precepts of the Vedas and at the same time . . . in the sciences of the West." Here in this sylvan retreat at the foot of the Himalayas he knows pure happiness and a cessation of desire, but the Westerner dies hard in him and at the end he returns to Europe as a missionary of the truth he has found; he discovers in the chaos of contemporary Europe no place for his teaching, yet the struggle between spirit and matter is taking place there also; and it is with deep satisfaction that he finds that the serenity he had learned in the East can keep his spirit whole in the West.

There is much interesting pure information in this book as to the practice of Yoga, as to teachers in India true and false, and as to the Westerner's reaction to an Eastern ideal. But I think it will be read chiefly as highly original and highly picturesque biography of originality and some distinction.

H. S. C.

Fiction

JOHN DAWN. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

This novel opens at quarter before midnight, December 31, 1799, in the kitchen of Captain James Dawn of Merrymeeting in Maine. His wife is in labor upstairs, and James Dawn is determined that his son should not be born until after midnight—which the captain, who no doubt knew more of navigation than of mathematical paradoxes, erroneously regarded as the beginning of the new century. The assembled neighbors protest that he cannot be sure of such a thing, and he cries,

> "I have a wager on it." He stood there, head and shoulders over them all in the tobacco smoke, holding his huge watch in his great fist. He was the only one whose hair was not white. He wore it natural. It shone golden in the firelight, drawn back and tied with a black silk ribbon.

The clock strikes twelve and the child appears, not altogether to the reader's surprise.

There could not be a more appropriate opening for the book, in spite of the fact that it necessitates a rather awkward flashback to get in the Revolutionary War; for the Dawns are all like this more fortunate King Canute, and if you like this incident you will like the book. They are all handsome and virile and lucky and picturesque. They win their fights and their women; Jacob Dawn, the founder of the family, licked the Tory squire before the Revolution. John Dawn, the boy born on New Year's Day, attained command of a ship at fourteen, in the War of 1812; and while foraging ashore in Devon was helped by a squire's daughter, a girl of twelve, promised to marry her, and four years later came back to keep his promise.

To include four generations of so adventurous a family in three hundred pages something has to be left out, and what is left out is characterization and plausibility. One cannot altogether escape

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the feeling that after so many other novels of Maine, Mr. Coffin felt that to outdo them he must include everything in Maine's history, and the book produces much the impression of a local pageant: a picturesque incident to illustrate Colonial days, another for the Revolutionary War, another for the War of 1812, and so on, with plenty of vivid color and costuming, but a certain thinness and artificiality.

B. D.

MABEL TARNER. By Harry Kemp. Furman. 1936. $2.50.

One sympathizes with Harry Kemp's desire to write of undegenerate American farm life. His characters are all robust and natural. The self-sufficient farmers lost out when they began to limit and intensify their crops for profit and to buck the money-interests of the cities. This Mr. Kemp tells us in talking about his book, and if his novel had set out to show this course of events it might have possessed considerably more significance. As it is, it is merely the story of a healthy, happy farm girl, without much brains, who learns disagreeably of sex but escapes soilure, and eventually marries happily. Her father; the farmhand, Jed Hoskins; Jimmy Tyrrell (whom Mabel marries); the lewd and thieving Ozzie Treffer, and other characters are given full-bodied portrayal. Treffer's violent end is one of the high spots of the story. It must be said that, good poet as is Harry Kemp, in this novel his prose often seems most amateurish. There is much too much of the "Land sakes!" "By Cracky!" sort of writing, a persistent use of the bastard word "tendance," and there are other blemishes that should have been avoided. With the hearty, earthy quality of the dialogue none can quarrel—but the writing is often hasty and clumsy. A sincere, plunging, stumbling book! Mother Williams, the religious Madam of the house of prostitution, is more or less a creation. Mabel Tarner, herself, is winning in her ingenuousness. And that is about all that can be said for a farm novel that might have assumed larger proportions.

W. R. B.

THE RETURN OF THE WEED. By Paul Horgan. Harpers. 1936. $2.

There are six short stories in this almost preciously thin little book by a Harper prize novelist. All of them are about New Mexico, all of them ingratiating portraits of persons.

An early mission padre goes out in his fields on an autumn morning, wondering about the conversions he has made and the worth of his life work, and is slain with arrows in the great revolt of 1680. A cow town mob lynches a young rancher for a cattle rustler, not because he has stolen cattle but because he makes money, has a satirical conquering way with women, and a visiting Texan, with a killer's inferiority sense, has worked on their unconscious jealousies. A widow lives on in a vast desert mansion after her husband has wrecked his fortune on baronial land development schemes and dies with the regional reputation as a romantic cow country chatelaine, all the

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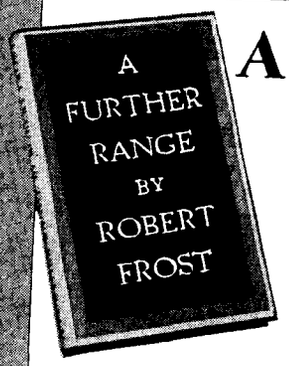

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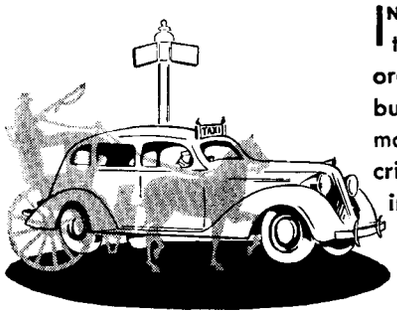

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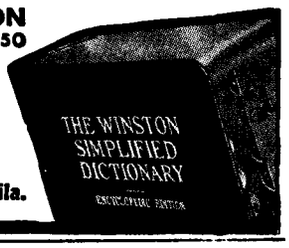

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time inwardly hating it. The last exponent of an aristocratic Spanish family's hacienda traditions gets drunk bemoaning the grandeur of the old times to kidding small town realtors. A high school athlete catches "aviation fever" watching the sky from a lonely desert service station. A modern young girl, after a romantic secret marriage, lets her young rancher husband down because life holds no other values for her than the shoddy stuff of social position in El Paso.

By the standards of psychological portraiture, the persons are types and the situations are types. Mr. Horgan takes no deep bite into life, betraying new talent, fresh outlooks. What he does most effectively is to project the physical quality of the desert land with a spell of consciously charming prose. "The sun always seemed to go lower earlier in the valley than in the great wild-cat colored plain beyond the hills" . . . "the mountains, rising and falling in the various tempers of daylight like part of the sky itself." . . . Now and then a phrase like this is richer than a journey to the land itself, while Peter Hurd's lithographs are an impressive libretto to Mr. Horgan's music.

D. A.

ANGELS' MIRTH. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Sheed & Ward. 1936. $2.

Mrs. Eliot's second novel has for heroine a girl of sixteen who has been rendered unusually sensitive by the divorce of her parents and the death of an adored sister. Sent by her father to spend the summer with the family of the woman whom he expects to make his second wife, she finds herself involved in a tragic crisis of the most distressing sort. Authentic drama is pointed by the contrast between the almost unconscious agnosticism of Mary Stevens and the firm Catholic faith of the Sands children. Poignant as the situation is, the author makes the despair and death of Mrs. Sands secondary to the conversion of Mary. Under the circumstances this may be foreseen and accepted by any unprejudiced reader, though the author has perhaps loaded the dice a trifle in making Mary something of an affected prig, reared to know Chekhov by heart, yet entirely ignorant of the Bible. Whatever one's opinion of Mrs. Eliot as propagandist, much of her story is of high quality. Her success with the difficult figure of Irina Sands, the would-be Carmelite nun, is further proof of her ability as a writer of fiction.

T. P., Jr.

MAIDEN CASTLE. By John Cowper Powys. Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.75.

To read this book is to feel one has several degrees of temperature. Everything is Queer. The author seems to have had some sort of plan in mind, something to do with Midsummer Eve and All Souls and Candlemas, old Welsh gods and a neolithic earth work called Mai-Dun or Maiden Castle; but just what the plan was remains baffling. The hero is called D. No-man, which is not much help. (D. stands for Dud, a name he gave himself as a child; No-man was an adult inspiration after he found he was illegitimate.) The heroine is Wizzie Ravelston, who has an alluring figure and stringy

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hair, who has been a circus rider and has had a child, at a tender age, by a character known as Old Funky. There is an artist, Thuella Wye, who supports her father (whose name is Teucer) by painting pictures of clouds, and Enoch Quirm, whose first name is shortly changed to Uryen. Further, these folk rejoice in nicknames such as Horse Head and Venetian Post. Of course an author is at perfect liberty to call his characters any names he chooses; but a reader, by the same token, is free to carp if these names give him bad dreams, set him fretfully hunting a thermometer, and are so eccentric as actually to interfere with what the author is saying.

The general atmosphere of undulant fever is further heightened by unreasonable italics and exclamation points which come like thuds. The author seems in a constant state of interest and surprise at what his characters do, and the reader shares his surprise. There doesn't seem to be any reason for any of these people or for what happens to them. There are bits about fascism, communism, and archeology. Mr. No-man, who is historically minded, calls his garbage pail Henry VIII. The sexual habits of the characters, notably of the hero, are what the author rather politely refers to as "perverse."

The publishers say "John Cowper Powys's new novel will in all probability be of greater interest to those over thirty years of age than any of his previous works." This is called leading with the chin.

C. H. M.

SAND CASTLE. By Janet Beith. Stokes. 1936. $2.50.

David and Alan Stewart, two young Western Highlanders, came to the Manchester (England) of 1889 to be employed by Charles Appleby of the Balaclava Mill who has been in the Lancashire cotton trade almost since its inception. Such is the foundation laid for this new novel by the talented niece of Ian Hay, she who won a $20,000 world prize for her first book, "No Second Spring."

Alan adapts himself to machine-driven Manchester, but David is unadapted to industrialism. The several fortunes of the devoted brothers are traced, and of those with whom they come in contact. Both, in their different ways, fall in love with Annis, the daughter of their employer. David meets his destiny at the end of the first part of the novel. Alan and Annis, and Charles her father, carry on through the book, and a younger generation, Colin and Barbara, grow up, with their own problems.

The lives of these people have nothing startingly dramatic about them, but they are altogether human. Miss Beith has a rather rich feeling for character. Back of the story of stumbling lives is the story of the rise to great proportions and boom times of the Lancashire cotton industry and its decline after the Great War. It is a sand castle that Charles Appleby has built after all, with his spinning mill. The book ends with Colin quoting a famous passage from Gerard Manly Hopkins, to the effect that toil-smeared generations

(*Continued on page* 57)

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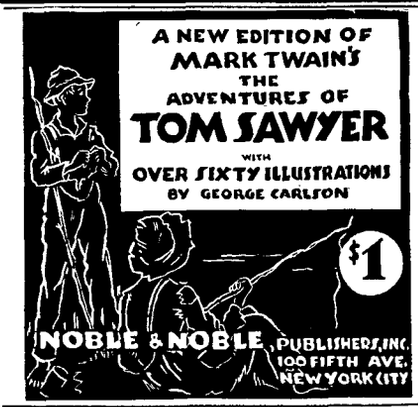

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Not for Mr. Comstock

FRANCOIS RABELAIS: Gargantua and Pantagruel. Translated by Jacques Le Clercq. With decorations by W. A. Dwiggins. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1936.

THE present printing of Rabelais is as handsome as Mr. Dwiggins's famous "Droll Stories" of some years ago. It is probably the handsomest dress in which the French classic has ever appeared, designed with exquisite skill. And therein lies its one serious defect. It is far too exquisite for Rabelais, who by his gusto was not delicate, humorous, subtle. Typographically the books are far from Rabelasian.

But, also speaking typographically, the books are grand. The work has been cast into five easily handled volumes which as they stand on the shelf have five whimsical labels in color which make up a picture in themselves. One turns the pages with delight—the paper is a soft, mellow sheet now seldom seen in books since the offset printer has bedevilled paper making; the type is Mr. Dwiggins's own fine *Electra* font, a very lively roman, and the size is large enough for easiest reading; the margins are ample; and the numerous pictorial decorations are in the nicest taste, with the quality of cameos. There is a vigor and a verve about the volumes which is not unusual in many modern books: but few modern books have in addition the clarity and simplicity which these have.

One should by all means read the clever facsimile letter from Mr. Dwiggins to Mr. Macy which accompanies the set, in which Mr. Dwiggins explains his ideas of how the books should be printed. I don't wholly agree with his plan, but, given the plan, he has succeeded brilliantly.

Recent Books on Typography

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF TYPOGRAPHY. By Stanley Morison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $1.

AN ESSAY ON TYPOGRAPHY. By Eric Gill. New York: Sheed & Ward. 2nd edition. 1936. $2.

The attempt to reduce the principles of typography to the dimensions of a short essay or small book runs great risk of failure, owing to the complexity of the subject. One of the best of such essays was that contributed by Emery Walker and William Morris to "Arts and Crafts Essays" in 1893. There is another excellent little chapter by Mr. Updike in *Handicraft* for May, 1902. Little can be added to what has been said by these writers except in the way of expansion; nevertheless, each generation needs to have the fundamentals restated in terms of its own time, and there are perhaps no men better fitted to do so for the present generation than Mr. Morison and Mr. Gill—one a foremost writer about printing, the other an active and superior practitioner.

Mr. Morison's small book, printed in a fine roman type, is a reprint of the article which first appeared in the last volume of *The Fleuron*. In general it is a plea for sanity and unobtrusiveness in the printed page and book: one may take some exception to his advice regarding title-pages, but in general there is good sense in his remarks.

If Mr. Morison's book is soporific, Mr. Gill's is exciting. The author is sometimes a bit difficult to follow in his other writings on art and beauty, but he is not dull, and he is usually stimulating. In this volume he again emphasizes the change from craftsmanship to industrialism. His first chapter is given over to the situation in modern England in which the craftsman finds himself. The major portion of the book is a consideration of letters and lettering, both ideally and as related to printing. And then in the final chapter he makes a brilliant suggestion—that lettering be abandoned and superseded by shorthand. He would have all persons taught shorthand, and have phonographic symbols replace letters in printing. The proposal is fantastic, but so are modern science and commercialism.

While Mr. Morison's book is printed in a fine traditional renaissance type, in a normal manner, Mr. Gill's is printed in one of his own types, set with "ragged" composition—that is, unjustified lines. It is a stimulating book which all printers and handlers of words should read.

Best Seller

A recent cartoon in the *New Yorker* represents a bookstore clerk who has been asked by a customer for the Bible, as scratching his head and saying, "Let me see, that is a Simon & Schuster publication." Equally amusing was the nice old lady who spent fruitless time at the late Book Fair in trying to find what she *knew* was there—the original manuscript of the Bible. Ridicule would hardly kill the sale of the Bible, but the way in which it has been usually printed ought to kill it. For many years the typographic format was frozen into a harsh and unlovely form from which it has only in same degree emerged. This new Bible of Simon & Schuster's is a distinguished addition to the shelf of well-printed editions. Enough has been written about its textual arrangement: I am interested in the format. It is a heavy book, but that could not easily be avoided. It has a type page which could hardly be bettered for the easy reading it is meant for: the only exception to this is the possible excessive use of italic, but I do not object to this. The title-page and binding are pleasing and appropriate. If this edition of the Holy Scriptures will not tempt the reader, I don't know what can be done to make them more attractive.

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The New Books

(Continued from page 55)

have forgotten God in their absorption in mere money-making. The author sees no farther than that, apparently; but she paints an impressive picture of the futility of man's industry when profit merely becomes the mainspring. Charles Appleby represented an older generation when more than profit was the aim.

This novel is long and leisurely; solid and full of real unbrilliant people. It is workmanlike and robust. You keep interested in the author's characters. It lacks, however, a significance informing the first-rate. W. R. B.

Miscellaneous

AMERICAN SAILING CRAFT. By Howard I. Chapelle. New York: Kennedy. 1936. $4.

Gathered together in this book without acknowledgment of their first publication are two articles from *Yachting* published a few years ago. Their author has written of some of our very early small craft in his recent "History of American Sailing Ships." Here, beginning about where he turned in that volume to the examination of ships proper, he continues the history of smaller types, from dinghies to Gloucester schooners.

The result is doubly useful: it gives us the exemplary history of several types well-suited for revival in these pinch-penny days, and it locates them up and down the coast in their proper waters, to aid the yachtsman in choosing a suitable native type.

Mr. Chapelle first appeared as an author in 1930, with a monograph on the Baltimore clipper as fine as anything of the kind that has ever been done. Unfortunately it was issued as a society publication at a prohibitive price, and it was not until last Christmas that his second book brought him the recognition he deserves. He is first of all a historian, and the historical soundness of the present work can best be judged by comparing it with such a predecessor as "Sailing Craft," compiled by Edwin J. Schoettle —a far livelier book, but one with less perspective. Mr. Chapelle, in the present work as in all his other writing, is interested in the history of structures rather than in that of performances. At times, indeed, there is a definite lack of supporting information on the quality of a boat's success after its launching. And there are also a few points in the articles now reprinted in which the research should have been brought up to date.

A. L.

Travel

WESTWARD FROM RIO. By Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co. 1936. $3.

We already know from their "Mexican Odyssey" that the authors Bowman and Dickinson are expert travelers. Their new odyssey from Rio de Janeiro across mountain and morass to Lima, 6,500 miles away, is no less exciting and delightful. They are modest adventurers, without desire to uplift their savage fellowman,

(Continued on page 59)

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Reviewing Reviews

THE question whether our leading novelists are supposed to make their books readable or not has been taken out for an airing in recent reviews of William Faulkner's "Absalom, Absalom!" and James T. Farrell's "A World I Never Made." Van Gelder in *The Times* wrote that "Absalom, Absalom!" is "worth all the effort required to read it. That is not faint praise." Other reviewers were almost unanimous in agreeing at least that an effort was required, but divided into two schools of thought when it came to praise. "Falls considerably short of the powerful mood that it might have achieved," wrote Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic;* "The partial failure of "Absalom, Absalom!" is chiefly explained by . . . a strained, involved, ecstatic style." "The vogue for William Faulkner and his literary style is one of the affectations of the present day," said Dorothea Lawrence Mann in the Boston *Transcript;* and the Detroit *Free Press* summed it up thus: "he can qualify any time as the Gypsy Rose Lee among authors, a strip-tease artist worthy of glorification." "Occasionally there are passages of great power and beauty," wrote Harold Strauss in the *Times Book Review.* ". . . . There are other passages which, while hardly communicative, drop into a pure blank verse and are estimable for their sheer verbal music. For the rest, 'Absalom, Absalom!' must be left to those hardy souls who care for puzzles." No critical point, however, can be carried without dissent; thus we find Harry Hansen writing, in the *World-Telegram,* "The prose is a triumph."

The case of Mr. Farrell's novel is similar, except that the unfavorable comments are not made on the basis of obscurity. On the contrary. "This is a dirty book, and disgusting," wrote Lewis Gannett in the *Herald Tribune* on publication day of "A World I Never Made." "Tragic it assuredly is, and the dirtiness of language is poured out in an obviously sincere determination to picture in all its honest ugliness a world which is part of the American picture. . . . That is the indubitable right of the artist." "Many timid reviewers will hurriedly allude to the writer's genius, realism and power," said William McFee in the *Sun.* "There are many critics who confuse ordure with genius and industry with art. At any rate one sharp comment will go on record. Latrines are not necessarily literature." More favorable were Carl Van Doren, who wrote in the Boston *Herald,* "It will be called a dirty book about dirty people. But to call it that is to miss the point that it is by a man with a clean and sensitive mind"; and Ralph Thompson of the *New York Times,* who said: "It is hard, veracious, gripping, with several superb characterizations. It is honest, humorous, uncompromising. . . . I see no especial harm in Mr. Farrell's choice of words, since only those persons already familiar with them will be shocked by them; the truly innocent won't understand what they mean." (The *Times,* however, according to Mr. Farrell's publishers, the Vanguard Press, would not accept advertising for "A World I Never Made.")

There's an interesting footnote about

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the Southern reviews of "Absalom, Absalom!" In spite of his reputation for populating the South with such egregious monstrosities as Popeye (the landlubber) and the Sutpen family of his new novel, Mr. Faulkner is honored with high praise in his own country. The Richmond *News-Leader,* the Nashville *Banner,* the Galveston *Tribune,* and the Atlanta *Journal* were united in acclaim, the last-named newspaper ("The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew") going so far as to call "Absalom, Absalom!" "magnificent literature." The only Southern paper to review the book from the point of view of its picture of the section was the El Paso *Herald-Post,* which submitted this minority report: "He has been trying to put into words the futility, rottenness, and perversion which he sees in the post-Civil War South. 'In Absalom, Absalom!' he has done his worst."

Only two reviews are thus far recorded of the generation's most expensive book, "The Mint," by A/c Ross (asking price, $500,000). As *News-Week,* second periodical to print a review, says in its issue of November 28, "The book displays the same gift for acid portraiture that readers relished in Lawrence's 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom,' but—as Canby found—it is deficient in the moral significance and scope of its predecessor."

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 57)

or calibrate his skull. They merely wanted to cross South America by whatever various means assured them a good time en route and the testimony of a book at the end of it all.

Only such casual travel as this will permit intimate acquaintance with any country, and it was through the vagabonds the authors encountered, the friars and savages and the men marooned in jungles, that they came "to see Brazil with its future, Bolivia with its present, Peru with its past."

For days they rode bareback over 15,000 foot mountains where there was neither food nor water. They walked till they dropped exhausted by the altitude and the sun. They took rude trains, trucks, airplanes, paddle-wheel steamers in their comfortless search for beauty and adventure, and they found both abundant, with pathos and humor thrown in. Far in the jungle they explored the ruins of what had once been a stupendous Jesuit state, with a culture and agrarian communism of its own, until Carlos III dissolved it because of the priests' power; here, indeed, was a lost civilization. And later, when they came to the country of the Incas, they found the Indians were scarcely different (but for their physical subjugation) from those magnificent ancestors Pizarro had despoiled. And here Christ had become The Lord of Earthquakes.

This tale is excellently lived and written, and most suitably illustrated with rugged block prints which catch the spirit of the land, but to us it seems regrettable that it should be written in the first person plural, for the continuous "we" is as irritating as the simultaneous speech of Siamese twins. There is no identification of the two authors, and the reader sees double. H. D.

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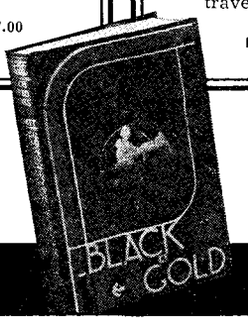

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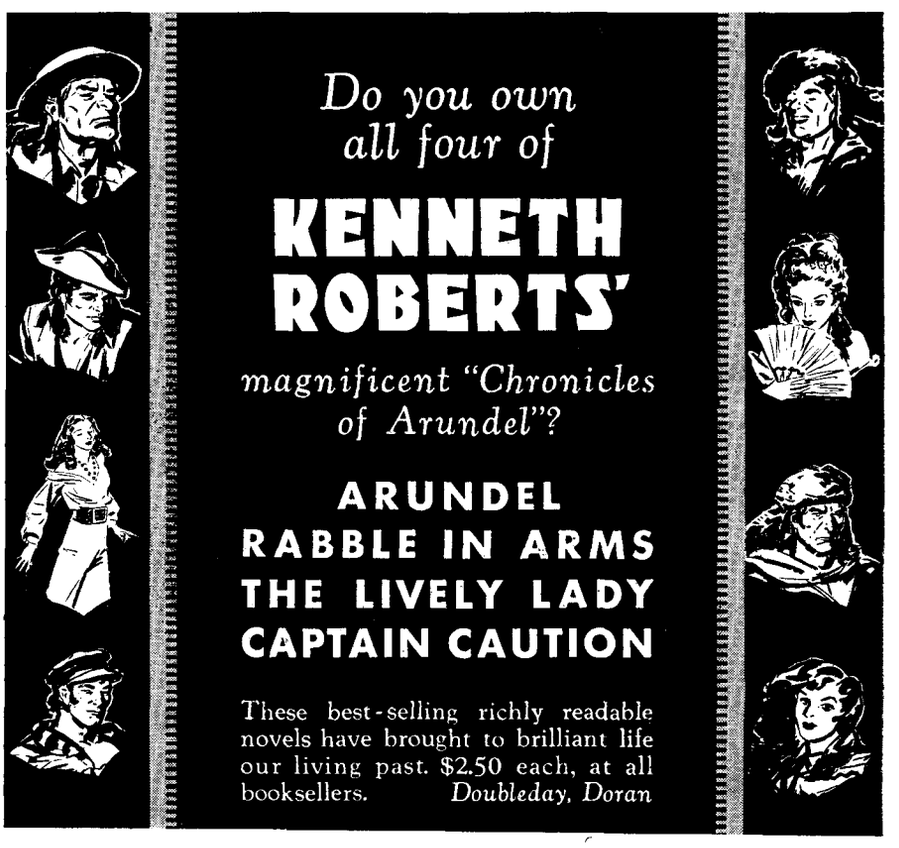
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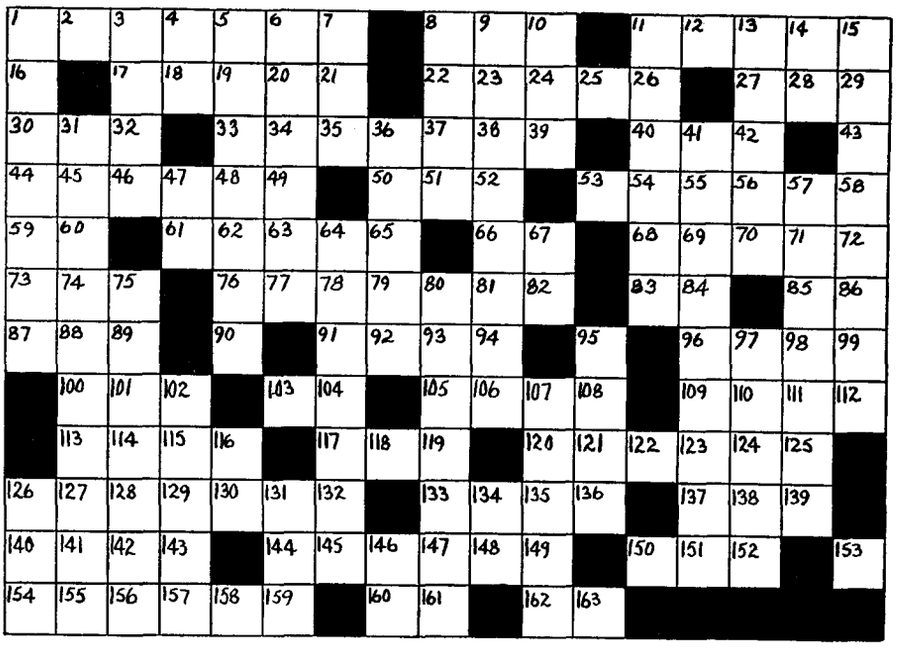
Double-Crostics: No. 141

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Indian macaque.

II. Engage deeply.

III. Poem by Coleridge.

IV. All at once (comp.).

V. The first man (Norse).

VI. Rising again.

VII. Name of two Yale presidents.

VIII. Pertaining to undergraduates.

IX. Canto poem by Scott.

X. Novel by Scott.

XI. Deceived by one's self (comp.).

XII. Willfulness.

XIII. A loop-top tau cross (Egyptian archeology).

XIV. Bryant wrote a poem to it.

XV. To prize.

XVI. Escorted.

XVII. Peg or pin.

XVIII. Jacobean dramatist.

XIX. Son of Jacob (Bib.).

XX. Highborn, aristocratic.

XXI. To stir into action.

XXII. Consciousness of guilt.

XXIII. Troubled.

XXIV. Quadruped of the genus equus.

WORDS

149 110 163 156 45 103

37 57 76 29 142 93 116

27 134 23 97 131 7 114 160 139 46

144 67 4 136 21 11 84 129 69 48

90 112 20

71 54 6 77 115 35 51 118 146

152 1 63 41 147 133

55 135 158 64 52 98 92 95 132 161

72 127 31 59 33 108

88 101 49 111 68 3 150 78 89

25 138 12 22 130 56 74 36 123 148 85

99 42 107 5 145 66 124 32 75

100 151 143 154

43 122 109 10 81 159 104 126 87

16 82 153 157 121 79

128 137 26 86 125 39 53

14 140 19 38 30

162 119 155 106 18 44 102

105 94 28 65 60

83 2 58 17 73

141 113 117 80 50 34

96 15 70 62 9

13 120 91 24 47

40 61 8

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P. E. G. Quercus

The Y. U. P.

no longer remains

"bashfully mute"

READERS of these columns at this time a year ago may recall Old Q's praise of our Christmas card and good-natured gibe at our advertising department: "☞As we have said every year, our favorite Xmas card is Yale Univ. Press's lovely message, anno MDCIII, from Fra Giovanni to the young Contessina Allagia. ☞We have constantly urged Y. U. P. to let people know about this card but they remain bashfully mute." ☞ So, here we are throwing caution to the Winds and asking you to place your order promptly for this unusual and attractive card. ☞ Printed in three colors on deckle-edged antique paper (size 6⅛ inches by 9⅛ inches) the card comes in packets of twelve, complete with envelopes at $3.50 per packet. *Send your order to*

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WHAT do cataloguers think about while they're cataloguing, muses sempiternal Old Q as a strong fume of grilled shoepacks rises from the hearth. (He's back in his frostbound log-cabin, The Fantods, at Laryngitis, L. I.) ☞We got a grin from the Argosy Bookstore's (114 E. 59) confession that their indexifier after compiling a lively 1300-entry catalogue of Stage and Drama has a hankering to go colleycibbering as a strolling player. ☞What does a cataloguer do when he encounters *The Cheverells of Cheverel Manor* by Lady Newdigate-Newdegate? Does he have nightmares of shouting *Follow Copy* to the printer? ☞A friendly correspondent notes that H. M. Fletcher, 15 Essex Road, Enfield, Middlesex (cables *Achemeff, Enfield, England*) is selling off the library of Sir Kenelm Digby (a descendant) including a 1632 Ovid given by the original Sir Kenelm to Ben Jonson. It is thus inscribed by B. J.—*Sum Ben Jonsonii ex dono illustrissimi equitis (immo Herois) et summi amici D. Kenelmi Digbaei.*

☞Thinking of good men and true, men of girth and heft, the world is poorer this Christmas without Gilbert Chesterton. ☞We have not seen his Autobiography, but many say it's good going. One of the simple greatnesses of G. K. C. shows in this, that we think of him instinctively toward Christmas time, when

Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
For God Himself is born again
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

☞Oh, aye, he rhymed too easily, and he wrote too plenteously; he simplified hard things into cellophane tropes, and abused God's patience with words. But he was also something far beyond most journalists: a true Character and Clown. ☞England, of course, is a rich pocket of clowns; casting down her golden clowns around the glassy sea. ☞Someone tells us that Max Eastman has written a philosophical study of Laughter and that all the professional drolls have contributed sobrieties on the subject; and that the jacket is covered with pictures of Mr. Eastman roaring with mirth. ☞Somehow we find this depressing; laughter cannot be premeditated. ☞Old Q., notoriously deficient in merriment, yet cackles in private twinges: for instance when he thinks of certain passages in Max Beerbohm's *Christmas Garland*, now timely added to the World's Classics (80c)—e.g., Max's parody of Hilaire Belloc writing a carol:—

One Christmas Night in Pontgibaud
(Pom-pom, rub-a-dub-dub)
A man with a drum went to and fro
(Two merry eyes, two cheeks chub)
Nor not a citril within, without,
But heard the racket and heard the rout. . . .
(And who shall shrive Beelzebub?)

☞As for a citril, we never had the faintest idea what he may be.

☞M. W. ingeniously points out that the whole Simpson Agonistes matter was accurately canvassed by Shakespeare in 3rd Henry VI, Act III, Scene 2, 84-98.

☞A miscellaneous Christmas Stocking for people who enjoy hunting out something a little different. ☞A membership in The Seeing Eye (Morristown, N. J.) which trains dog guides for the blind. ☞A subscription to *The Colophon*, the quarterly for book collectors ($10; 229 West 43 St., N.Y.C.). ☞The 16th century Christmas card (from Fra Giovanni to the Contessina Allagia, 1513) reprinted by the Yale University Press, $3.50 per dozen—and after years of persistent chivvying, Old Q has finally persuaded the Y. U. P. to let a few people know about it. ☞Salem Wedgwood Plates showing the lovely old buildings at Salem College, Virginia; $2 each from the Salem Book Store, Winston-Salem, N. C. ☞A gift subscription to *The Saturday Review*—Old Q. gave one a few days ago as wedding present to the prettiest bride in the publishing business, and she says she likes it better than all the doilies, cigarette boxes and aluminum nutmeg graters. ☞Add your Christmas beneficiary's name to the mailing list of a few good booksellers: there's no fun like catalogues. ☞Here's the Chiswick Book Shop (3 West 51, N.Y.C.) has bought the complete stock of the Dunster House Bookshop in Cambridge, Mass. Of Flaubert they say "we honestly believe he could give Marcel Proust cards and spades." ☞Stanley Bezanson of 1 Court Street, Boston, starts his list of Old Maps with a remark pleasing to us: "This little catalogue is for those who prefer a mermaid to a table of exports." ☞*The Saturday Review* Mermaids, of whom we have said nothing in a long while, are in excellent contour and spirit. ☞G. A. Baker and Co., 3 West 46, N. Y. C., offer the 18 volume set of O. Henry (1921) for $7.50; complete works of De Quincey (12 vols., 1878) for $15. ☞From a Rains galleries sale catalogue we learned that the first American edition of Shakespeare's Works was published in Philadelphia in 1795. ☞We anticipate with interest Ben Abramson's new magazine *Reading and Collecting*, 328 Plymouth Court, Chicago. That too would be an exciting Christmas present ($2 a year) because Ben is an exciting vigorous creature who bursts out of pigeonholes and splashes over the edge of the tub. ☞Old Q wonders whether there's a controversy brewing about Regionalism, as there once was about Humanism? The outmoded old quietist retreats into his cochlea, muttering For God, for Country, and for Yule. ☞And repeating Leonard Bacon's line about Grover Whalen (in his capacity as New York's official Outstretched Hand)—greet the Unknown with a cheer. Q's only contribution to Regionalism is to recall Ring Lardner's glorious folk-play. Two rustics meet in the mountains of North Carolina. *First Rustic:* Stranger, whar were you born? *Second Rustic:* Out o' wedlock. *First Rustic:* There's mighty pretty country around thar.

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